

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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MISS BLANCHE COLE.

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MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

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THEATRES.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—Mr. HENRY IRVING will appear EVERY EVENING for a limited number of nights (except Saturdays) as HAMLET. A series of Morning Performances of this great Play will be given during January, on the Evenings of which Days Miss BATEMAN will sustain her celebrated character of LEAH.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—On MONDAY, JAN. 10, and during the Week, the Grand Pantomime, WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in England. Morning Performances, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Dec. 29, 30, and Jan. 1. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Mr. SOTHERN'S LAST SIX NIGHTS previous to his return to America, supported by Mr. Buckstone, Miss Lucy Buckstone, and the Haymarket Company. Order of performances:—OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Jan. 10, 11, 12, and 13; GARRICK AND A REGULAR FIX, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14 and 15. Mr. Sothern's Benefit and Last Appearance, Saturday, Jan. 15.—Miss NEILSON will make her reappearance in England at this theatre on Monday, Jan. 17, in her great impersonation of JULIET. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING. Monday, Jan. 10, 311th night of "Our Boys." At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—On MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 10, and until further notice. Commence at 7, with TWO TO ONE—Mr. Stephenson, Misses Jones, Williams. At 7.40, A LES-ON IN LOVE—Messrs. Cox, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, T. Lavis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, ANTARCTIC; or, The Pole and the Traces—Messrs. Terry, Marius, Cox, Turner, &c.; Mesdames Claude, Venne, &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 precisely, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's New and Original Fairy Play, BROKEN HEARTS. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hollingshead, Miss Plowden, and Mr. G. W. Anson. Preceded by, at 7.30, A MORNING CALL—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. At 10, A QUIET RUBBER.—Mr. Hare, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Plowden. Box-office hours 11 till 5. No fees for booking seats. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. John Huy.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—MONDAY NEXT, JAN. 10, under the management of Messrs. D'Oly Carte and George Dolby, an Opera Bouffe (the first time in England), entitled THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER; or, Sold for a Song. The new libretto by G. M. Layton, the music by Leon Vasseur. Principal characters by Madame Pauline Rita, Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss Marion West, Mr. Kelleher, and Mr. E. W. Royce.—The Box-Office open daily from 11 to 5.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—PAULINE RITA as Gustave Muller, and RACHEL SANGER as Malvina, in Leon Vasseur's Opera Bouffe, THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER. New libretto by G. M. Layton. MONDAY NEXT, JAN. 10. Box-Office now open.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL. Mr. J. A. Cave, Manager.

Now Grand Operatic Féerie Extravaganza, in Four Acts and Eleven Tableaux, entitled LORD BATEMAN: HIS ADVENTURES BY LAND AND SEA, suggested by George Cruikshank's Illustrated Ballad. The Music selected and composed by M. Jacobi; the Libretto by Sydney French. Extensive Mechanism by S. Sloman and Son; Splendid Appointments by J. Buckley; Superb Costumes by Miss Fisher and Mr. S. May, from designs by Alfred Maltby; and the whole constructed and placed upon the stage by Mr. J. A. Cave.

The following unprecedented cast:—William Rignold, Frank Hall, J. H. Jarvis, W. G. Ross, G. Robert, L. Fountain, J. Husk, and Harry Paulton; Misses Lennox Grey, Eily Beaumont, Adelaide Newton, Sara Lillian, Kate Garston, A. Hilton, Brunelli, Pauline Markham, and Emma Chambers. The Marvellous Faust Family. The Kladderadatch and Zamascon Troupes. Mdlle. Pitteri, Mdlle. Pertoldi, and upwards of One Hundred Coryphées will appear in the new magnificent Turkish Ballet, arranged by John Lauri. The scenery will be upon a more magnificent scale than hitherto attempted at this theatre, by Albert Calcott. Conclude with an Italian Pantomime. Open at 6.45.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Opening of the Grand New Entrances and immense success of the best Pantomime ever produced, THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. Splendid scenery Mr. Richard Douglass. Gorgeous costumes, brilliant pageants and spectacle. Every Evening, at 7. Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 12.30, to which children under ten half price. The celebrated Paynes from Covent Garden as pantomimists. Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Fred. Payne, Mr. H. Payne, and Mr. J. Barnum, Miss Jenny Beauclerc, Miss Rose Graham, and Miss Emmeline Cole.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—The legitimate Success of the Season. The most brilliant Transformation Scene in London.

Every Evening at 6.45, EL FLAMBO; or, the Waters of the Singing Well—Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Fred Foster, F. Marchant, Bigwood, Lewis, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Pollie Randall, Summers, Rayner. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe, ten in number. Concluding with ZELMA; or, an Indian's Love—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Rayner.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall. Every Evening, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SPITZ SPITZE, THE SPIDER CRAB; or, the Sprite of Spitzbergen, written by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry. New and elaborate scenery. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and his Son, Herbert Campbell, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses Amy Forrest, Dot Robins, Lizzie Claremont, Lizzie, Laura, and Ada Conquest. Clown, R. Inch; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloon, W. Ash; Columbine, Misses Osmond and Barry. To conclude with a favourite Drama. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

Facing the Houses of Parliament. EVERY DAY and NIGHT, at 1.30 and 7, the GREAT PANTOMIME. Glorious triumph. The Theatre at both morning and evening performances positively crammed by an enthusiastic audience. There is but one opinion—the press, the public, and the profession pronouncing the Palace of Elephants to be the greatest of all great exhibitions. In no other Establishment in the world can the same gorgeous pantomime be produced. N.B.—No indecent dressing.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

The PANTOMIME for 1876 includes all the Remarkable Events of the Times. Cave of Kalaba, Birthplace of St. George; Lady Godiva's Ride through Coventry; Palace of Elephants; Mid-air Fight; Prince of Wales in India; and the Great Elephant Hunt, &c. Clown, the Great Little Sandy; Harlequin, Mr. A. Lauraine. Box-office open daily from 10 to 4. Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Private Boxes from £1 10s. to 5gs. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY at 1.30 and 7.—N.B. This Pantomime is strictly moral. No indecent dressing. Sole Proprietors, John and George Sanger.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus, the only properly-organised Circus Establishment in Great Britain. Doors open at 7, commencing at 7.30. Illuminated Morning Performances every day. Open at 2, commencing at 2.30.—Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; Private Boxes, 30s. Box-office open daily from 10 till 4. No fees. Children under ten years half price. Carriages may be ordered for the evening performances at 10.20; afternoon at 4.15. Director and Proprietor, Mr. CHARLES HENGLER.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus.—Unequalled attractions for the Christmas Holidays. Grand Comic Pantomime, VALENTINE AND ORSON; or, Harlequin King Pippin and the Wild Man of the Woods. Produced with magnificent effects, costly costumes, and paraphernalia. Grand Corps de Ballet, introducing a host of juveniles with glittering golden ferns; fairy cars, drawn by handsome diminutive ponies, elegantly equipped. Scenes of irresistible merriment. Skilful acts of riding and gymnastics by the first artistes in the world. The only place in London to witness an unrivalled Equestrian Performance combined with an intensely Comic Pantomime. Every Day at 2.30 and 7.30.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending

JAN. 15, 1876. MONDAY to FRIDAY, Jan. 10 to Jan. 14.—Christmas Festivities, comprising Great Pantomime, JACK IN WONDERLAND, Feats by Midget Hanlon Troupe, Doughty's Performing Dogs, Ballet, &c., as per daily advertisements.

SATURDAY, Jan. 15.—Resumption of Saturday Concerts. Vocalists—Madame Osgood, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Crystal Palace Choir. Mondays, Sixpence; other days (Saturday included), One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME Every Day, at 3; produced on an unprecedentedly magnificent scale, and pronounced by the press the greatest pantomime of the season. HARLEQUIN, THE YELLOW DWARF; or, The King of the Gold Mines, in which Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST will appear, making the Highest Leaps ever attempted. Three Hundred Performers. Magnificent Scenery and Costumes. Grand Transformation. THE CHILDREN'S GREAT PANTOMIME. Children half price. Numbered Stalls can be booked one week in advance. ALL THE GREAT HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENTS Daily. Special Trains.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now on View. SEA-LIONS, the only specimens ever brought to this country; Gigantic Turtle, from the Island of Ascension; large Octopods, English Sharks, Sea-Horses, Boar-Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Sterlet, from Russia; Telescope and Paradise Fish, from China; Red Char and Silver Char, Trout, Salmon, &c. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, OUR CARD-BASKET, CLEVER PEOPLE, and A SPANISH BOND, EVERY EVENING (except Thursday and Saturday), at 8; Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.—St. George's Hall, Langham-place, Oxford-circus.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN LARGE HALL.—DAILY, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. In addition to the other novelties, has recently been added the extraordinary feat of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body over the heads of the audience in the middle of the hall and as high as the lofty dome. W. MORTON, Manager.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. DE B. (Paris).—Thanks for your offer. We had, however, before receiving it, made other arrangements.
 HAROLD LATHAM (42, South John-street, Liverpool).—The proprietors must be allowed to judge for themselves in the matter.
 H. S. (Derby).—We are unfortunately overwhelmed with the kind of contributions you propose to supply.
 E. S. B. (Newmarket).—Such change as was deemed necessary has already been made.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

Circular Notes.

"THE other day a fishing-boat's crew (William Norrie's), belonging to Broughty Ferry, caught in a bag-net a herring of tremendous dimensions. The fish had the proportions of a large-sized haddock, measuring 18in in length and 4½in in breadth, and was sold for 9d." It would be an insult to a herring of such "tremendous dimensions" to regard the creature as a mere Digby Chick. It must have been—very like a whale.

The mind of Dublin is disturbed. After preserving a serious demeanour for several months the editor of the *Irish Sportsman and Farmer* has got rid of a joke. We would quote the inimitable pleasantry if we thought our readers would understand it. But we are afraid. It is written in choice Chaldean.

Les beaux esprits se rencontrent once more, the wits on this occasion being the clever authors of *Trial by Jury* and *La Boule*. Witness the answer given by Mr. W. S. Gilbert to the hint that our most poetical dramatist might have been indebted to the humorous trial scene in *La Boule* for the idea of *Trial by Jury*.

We hail with delight the advent of the *Artist*. A comic journal devoted to the arts was grievously required by the worn-out humorists of the Hogarth Club. The *Art Journal*, now that Mr. S. C. Hall has taken to teetotalism, has become a serious periodical. *Art* is remarkable for the length and frequency of its polysyllables and the depth and hollowness of its pretentiousness. As a comic journal, *Art* is a failure, and, melancholy fact! the like may be said of the *Portfolio*, albeit some of the learned theses on modern pictures which enliven the latter frame for etchings occasionally border on the idiotic. The hour for a comic journal had arrived. The *Artist* is here. Those three or four young gentlemen in the schools of the Royal Academy who are suffering from a divided love, painfully uncertain as to whether it would be wiser to mouth than to paint their way to the presidency of the Royal Academy, may take heart of grace. In the *Artist* they will find an arena almost spacious enough for the adequate display of their peculiar talents. During the summer months, when opportunities for making grandiose speeches are few and far between, can they not write essays for the *Artist*?

The first page of the *Artist*, No. 1, Vol. I., is adorned with the most correct representation of a painter's palette we ever saw—elsewhere than in a colour-merchant's circular. An "Address to our Readers" is succeeded by a list of a few of the names of those distinguished artists in whose sight the *Artist* finds favour. If we were not dealing with a comic journal it would be proper to ask in what kind of cause Messrs. Boughton, Dalou, Fildes, Holl, Colin Hunter, Marks, Henry Moore, Millais, Oules, Poole, Tissot, and Whistler fancied they had enlisted when they gave the editor permission to publish their names? "The First Epistle to the Artists" opens thus: "What is Art?"

"This is a question difficult to answer, and which demands a few moments of reflection and meditation.

"Art is a religion, a belief, a fanaticism. Art is inextinguishable; 'it is a sentiment impossible to define'—and thereupon the *Artist* proceeds to explicate and to coin definitions in a manner wonderful to behold. As thus:—

"Every man is grand if he is an artist; and every man is an artist if he is original."

This kind of writing looks easy. Let us see if we can catch the trick of it.

"Every man is tall if he is an artist; and every man is an artist if he has had the measles."

The art-criticism of the *Artist* is almost as comic as his "First Epistle to the Bohemians." Mr. H. Dawson is advised "to look at the Thames with a little more naïveté." Funny critic! The only coherent reply that can be made to such a highly improper observation is, "You're another!"

In answer to the *cui bono* of hard-headed sceptics, Thomas Wilks, credulous spiritualist, who, it is unnecessary to observe, abides at 14, Lorne-terrace, Green-lanes, Stoke Newington-green, sends the following extraordinary statement to the *Medium*:—"Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, residing at 39, Sherborne-street, Islington, employ a number of hands in the fur trade, and for some time found that they were being robbed, but by whom they could not discover, though they used every means they could to detect the thief. Though they were not spiritualists at the time, they had heard something about it, and had been at one or two séances. They resolved, therefore, to have a sitting at home, and eventually the father of Mrs. Goodwin manifested his presence, and told them not only the name of the thief, but also the time to detect her, and under what circumstances they would find the stolen property. They also gave the name and address of the person where it was disposed of, and so clear was the case brought home to them that the individual was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. By inserting the above in the *Medium* you may, perhaps, convince some sceptics that there is more truth in spiritualism than ever they believed." We

have made arrangements for an interview with the ghost of Mrs. Goodwin's father, in the hope that it may lead to the discovery of an umbrella, which forsook us in a mysterious manner about a week since.

Mr. Herne, who shares with Mr. Home the proud position of leader of the male mediums, has been grievously assaulted at Liverpool. He was manifesting for producing materialisation—that is to say, he had gone off into a doze in order to allow his familiar spirit, "John King," an opportunity of making his appearance, when two determined sceptics rushed forward and seized—not "John King," but Mr. Herne. The apparition had vanished. So had a newspaper which had been pinned to a curtain as a means of excluding the light. "John King" did not return, and the newspaper was found rolled round the medium's legs. The undaunted editor of the organ of the movement—as it is called—affirms that the phenomena were undoubtedly genuine, and he (Mr. Herne) was collared while in a deep trance, and while a manifestation was in view, which could not be explained away by any possible theory of trickery. It is worthy of note that "John King's" character as an apparition had been, up to the period of the assault in question, beyond reproach. He was what would be termed "a reliable spirit." He did not drop into poetry like Mrs. Tappan's familiar, but his turban never failed to appear when called for. But now—well, we regret to say that both "Oliver Cromwell" and "Mary Queen of Scots" have given "John King" the go by.

Editor and writer having expressed their sincere regret for the pain and annoyance caused to Mr. Irving by the publication in *Fun* of the letter "To a Fashionable Tragedian," and Mr. Irving having thereupon gracefully withdrawn from the prosecution, one might fairly let the more or less famous charge die a natural death were it not for that unfortunate phrase "hirelings of the press." What did the writer mean by it? According to his counsel, the editor did not understand it to refer to anyone in the employ of Mr. Irving, but to the amateur critics who had been borne away by the extraordinary enthusiasm created by the actor's marvellous representation of Hamlet. Mr. Lewis, in his parting shot at the defendants, attached a different meaning to the expression; but, if we are to accept Sir Edward Watkin as a representative man, the public have read and interpreted the words for themselves. Speaking at a meeting of the bondholders and shareholders of the Erie Railway Company, Sir Edward said, "They had heard lately about a certain class of the newspaper press, and he found an item of a payment to Mr. E. Maedermott, 'City Editor,' of £200" (A voice, "What paper?" another voice, the *Railway News*).

"TRIAL BY JURY."

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)
 Sir,—In an article in your last week's issue you say, in reference to *Trial by Jury*,

"The idea recurs that the notion of this most diverting of musical farces was borrowed from *La Boule*, which M. Pitron enlivened the lovers of French plays with at the Opéra Comique during the past season."

As I have seen this suggestion in two or three other papers, I shall feel obliged if you will allow me to state that the piece is an amplification of a burlesque sketch, called "Trial by Jury," contributed by me to the pages of *Fun* so long ago as April, 1868—six years before the production of the French piece which is supposed to have suggested the idea.

That its production as a practical stage-piece was not inspired by the success of *La Boule* may be gathered from the fact that more than two years ago I arranged with M. Carl Rosa to write it for the company with which he then intended to open Drury Lane Theatre for a season of English Opera, a scheme which fell through owing to the lamented death of Madame Parepa-Rosa.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 Junior Carlton Club, Jan. 3, 1876. W. S. GILBERT.

MISS BLANCHE COLE.

MISS BLANCHE COLE, whose portrait will be found on our first page, is an artiste of whom we have frequently made favourable mention. At the conclusion of an operatic career in the provinces, she made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace May 31, 1869, as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*, and at once made a favourable impression, which was confirmed by her subsequent successes in *Lucia*, *Il Trovatore*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *Maritana*. In the Crystal Palace season of 1870 she added no less than ten operas to her repertoire, and has enjoyed an increasing popularity ever since amongst the frequenters of the Crystal Palace operas. In 1871 she appeared as Galatea, when Handel's *Aeis and Galatea* was produced by Mr. George Vining at the Princess's Theatre. The enterprise proved unsuccessful, but no blame on that account was attributable to Miss Cole, whose singing, as Galatea, was excellent. She has since appeared in London with the National Opera Company at the St. James's Theatre, afterwards, under Mr. Hollingshead's management, at the Gaiety Theatre, and recently, at the same theatre, in a short season of English opera, under her own management. She has also sung at the British Orchestral, and other London concerts; but is best known at the Crystal Palace and in the provinces, where she has made herself a great favourite, both in operas and concerts. In the provincial tour of Mr. Carl Rosa, she was one of the prime donne absolute, and made distinguished successes in the chief towns of Great Britain and Ireland. In her musical studies she has had the advantage of being aided by her husband, Mr. Sidney Naylor, an accomplished musician. We believe that Portsmouth claims the honour of being her birth-place.

Miss Blanche Cole is one of the very few English artists who may fairly be put in comparison with the majority of the singers who appear at our Italian Opera houses. Indeed, since the lamented death of Madame Parepa-Rosa, and the retirement of Miss Louisa Pyne, we have not had more than three sopranos of the first class, able to execute florid operatic music in finished style, and Miss Blanche Cole is one of this trio. Her voice is a clear, bright, and powerful soprano, of considerable upward extension. She executes the most difficult florid music with correctness and brilliancy, and her intonation is faultless. She is less distinguished as an actress than as a vocalist; but is intelligent, graceful, and ladylike in all her

impersonations. In a brochure, reprinted from the *Norwood News and Crystal Palace Chronicle* and the *Sydenham and Penge Gazette and Crystal Palace News*, to which we are indebted for a few of the facts above-mentioned, it is stated that her true path "lies amongst the lighter lyric roles." We are not inclined to this opinion, seeing that her most successful impersonations have been Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, Marguerite in *Faust*, and Gulnare in Mr. Deffell's *Corsair*; and we think she is likely hereafter to take a high rank as a "dramatic" soprano, when further study and experience shall have fully developed her histrionic powers. It needs but to be added that Miss Blanche Cole has not only secured a well-deserved popularity by the display of her admirable vocal abilities, but has also gained the esteem of all who know her by the amiability of her disposition; and there are few who will not join in wishing her a long career of prosperity.

STUD NEWS.

Mr. W. I'Anson having no further use for Cramond, the horse will be disposed of at York on Wednesday, Jan. 12. Cramond was one of the two-year-old cracks of 1859, but did not trouble Thormanby and Co. in the succeeding year. He is one of the very last of the Bay Middleton family in this country, and the only horse of any note begotten by Andover. As sire of Orion and a few other lesser lights of the turf, Cramond has been moderately successful at the stud, and would prove a useful "second string" at many establishments in want of such an article.

Underhand will stand with Andred at Croft, and we hear that the veteran is in blooming health.

George Frederick's subscription is full, as it justly deserved to be; and altogether, so far as the sires are concerned, things at Cobham are "looking up."

Deerswood, by Orlando out of Cambuscan's dam, who formerly stood at Easton Lodge, has changed his quarters to Nailcote Hall, near Coventry, where he solicits patronage at 15gs. The speedy but rather uncertain Struan joins him in partnership, making the fifth or sixth of Blair Athol's sons now at the stud.

Already at Eaton Hall a "weed out" appears to be in contemplation, Gardevisure, White Squall, and La Fille de Ma Mie being advertised for sale.

Nuneham makes a start in stud life at Coton Hall, Sudbury, Derby; his services having been valued at the rather "tall" figure of 25gs.

Mr. Gee advertises Scottish Chief as "full" at 100gs, and the Chief's foal-list for last year is a capital one. Cecrops and Citadel are priced at 25gs each, and Vedette at 50gs, the last named being limited to a few good mares in addition to his owner's selected.

From Mr. W. I'Anson we learn that his choice collection of brood mares will be mated as follows:—Caller Ou and Nutbush to Hermit; Red Light, Blue Light, Pearl, and Poldoody to King Lud; Borealis to Musket; Alice, Bobbin-Around, and Pepper (by Adventurer out of Caller Ou) to Speculum; Bonny Bell and Bonny May (by Newminster out of Bonny Bell) to The Palmer; and Bonny Leith (by Rataplan out of Bonny Bell) to Adventurer. Mr. I'Anson's yearlings (which will be sold as usual on the Doncaster Friday) are as follow:—Bay filly, by Speculum out of Nutbush; Brown filly, by Rosierucian out of Red Light; Black filly, by Argyle out of Poldoody; Bay filly, by Rosierucian out of The Pearl; Bay colt, by King Tom out of Borealis; Brown colt, by The Miner out of Alice; Chestnut filly, by The Miner out of Bobbin-Around; Brown colt, by Rosierucian out of Bonny Bell; Bay colt, by Musket out of Bonny May; Brown colt, by Cape Fly-away out of Bonny Leith.

Mandrake has been withdrawn from the sale-list, and is advertised to keep Adventurer company once more at Sheffield-lane.

The enterprising Mr. Eyke, who boasts to be master of the oldest breeding-stud in England, has adopted a novel method of attracting owners of mares to his horse Cucumber, who is to receive thirty approved mares *gratis*, except the usual groom's fee.

Mars, by Marsyas, out of Macgregor's dam, will have another season at Faggotter's, Harlow, Essex.

Restitution, who "shows up" well with twenty foals credited to him last season, is likely to be liberally patronised again this year.

Attempt, by Vedette, dam by Falstaff (son of Touchstone), has been purchased by Mr. Waring, and has joined the Buckland Court stud. Atonement (dam of Eve and Water Lily), in foal to Adventurer, leaves home for Doncaster's paddocks at Eaton this week.

Cremorne, as the result of a very short first season, has three fillies to his name in the foal-list. The foals of Paganini and Sterling are all out of mares belonging to Mr. T. Smith and the Messrs. Graham respectively. Sterling is thrown open to the public this year, but we hear nothing of the Fiddler being "open to engagements in public."

Among the earliest arrivals at Dewhurst Lodge are General Wood's Fravolina (own sister to Fravola), Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard's Annette, by Scythian, and a mare the property of Prince Batthyany, to Scottish Chief; also two mares of Prince Batthyany's to Vedette.

The following have arrived at Moorlands Stud Farm, York:—To King Lud, Mr. Barlow's Hesperia, by Cape Fly-away, in foal to Knight of the Garter; and Captain Davison's Perdilion, by The Cure, also in foal to Knight of the Garter. To Knight of the Garter, Lord Calthorpe's Spes, by Stockwell, in foal to Joskin; Bowstring, by Tom Bowline, in foal to Knight of the Garter; La Gama, by Stockwell, barren; and Grisette, by Stockwell, in foal. To Speculum, Mr. E. Etches' Henriette, by Newminster, in foal to Julius; and Captain Davison's Madam Colorado by Trumpeter, maiden.

PRESTON GREAT HORSE FAIR.—This fair was opened on Monday, and was tolerably well supplied with horses. There was a very fair attendance of buyers also. The prices paid for hunters ranged from 100 gs. to 150 gs. On Tuesday one magnificent animal in this class was sold by Mr. Costello, of Dublin, for £240, and one or two others were disposed of at £180 and £190. Harness horses fetched from £80 to £120, and draught horses generally from £60 and £70 to £100, and a few even a higher figure than the last quotation.

THE MARRIAGE of Mr. Herbert de Reuter, the eldest son of Baron de Reuter, was solemnised at the village church of Buscot, about four miles from Faringdon, Berks, on Wednesday, the bride being Miss Campbell, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Campbell, J.P., of Buscot Park.

WINDSOR STEEPLECHASES.—The preliminaries of the meeting at Old Windsor have been already completed, and the date is fixed for Wednesday and Thursday, the 26th and 27th of the present month. To an Open Handicap 50 sovs will be given, and 100 sovs to a Plate for an open hunters' race. Mr. Marcus Verrall officiates as clerk of the course, and is authorised to provide six races for each day, the programme to appear forthwith.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

I.

A TIGER'S SUPPER.

THE broad bright moon is up and smiles softly from an Indian sky on which the fleeting monsoon has left a few broken clouds. It looks serenely down on a fortified native residence and on a land of giant trees, rich herbage, and shimmering water, such as Doré would love to sketch. But in the immediate foreground there is a ghastly reality of tropical life, which is no mere creation of a facile painter's dream—a dead camel, a huge royal Bengal tiger with his fangs buried in its back! He is sucking the life-blood of his fallen prey. Why is there no one, with a good rifle and steady aim, behind that tree to the left to put a little lead into the nape of the neck of his striped majesty? It was probably from under the shadow of its boughs that he took his grim quick spring, and rolled the camel under him with a broken spine. See how the claws of the tiger are imbedded in quivering flesh, whilst his thick tail lashes the head of the fallen victim! You behold the tragedy dimly by moonlight, but the gleam which catches the tiger's face is enough. A little more light, and you could mark the cold glitter of his hungry eyes and see how far his gaping jaws were distended.

Tigers must live, just like all of us. It is surely just as much in the natural order of things that they should kill a camel and enjoy a midnight meal as that we should shoot them and make hearthrugs of their skins. But the scene presented to us by the sketch we engrave is a novel one for India,

although undoubtedly accurate in its minutest details. Tigers rarely attack camels in Hindostan. It is not difficult to assign at least one reason for this, although the other reasons which we shall allude to may not be of equal weight. India is not the natural home of the camel. There are a good many camels, especially in the northern portion of the peninsula, just as there are lions in the vast plains of Kattywar. But the Indian lion is a poor maneless brute compared with the monarch of the African desert; and the camel of India is often weak, sore-footed, and in many ways a "poor specimen" as compared with his brother of the Arabian plains. The Indian tiger sees few camels to recognise them at sight as his natural prey. Elephants he sees, and avoids generally when he can. Oxen and buffaloes and deer and antelope constitute his regular food. Camels, too, are somewhat formidable of aspect simply because of their size. Taking everything together, the tiger in the picture before us must have been, in all probability, extremely hungry. And what will not a hungry tiger do? When he is old, and decrepit, and half-toothless, he gets into such a chronic state of hunger that he will even try, like King Nebuchadnezzar, to eat grass. It is then that he turns "man-eater." However sagacious and formidable men may in other respects be, they cannot scent him as wild animals can—the spotted sambar, or the mountain buffalo with shaggy mane. So the old brute chooses a jungle path, and lies in a thicket near it. The sound of footsteps awakes the mangy cannibal. He has only a few feet to spring as the victim passes by—and the next moment he tipples away at human claret. Perhaps it is a rustic passing

home from market, or a little girl carrying before her father, the shepherd, the bunch of plantains which is intended to furnish his principal meal during the next three days of encampment on the green ghaut with his tinkling flock. But most often it is the poor "tappal-runner," or village postman—employed by the local Government to carry letters through jungle and past morass and over bamboo-bristling ridge for a pittance of nine rupees (eighteen shillings) a month in payment of ten miles swift run a day—that forfeits his life. The Indian postman carries a long stick with a rattle or bells attached, the jingle of which as he runs on his lonely road frightens away the venomous snakes along his path. But if by this he is preserved from the deadly cobra, or "yet-adviryan" ("eight-foot-viper"—not a viper eight feet long, but a snake so poisonous that common Tamilian tradition declares a man must die before he has taken eight steps after being bitten by it!), yet the man-eater lying in ambush near his path hears him approaching a long distance off. Some twelve years ago a man-eating tiger made his meals off twenty-seven postmen and messengers in the Madura district. He ate a good many men, women, and children of neighbouring villages besides. But our friend in the picture before us is only feeding off a camel; and he is misbehaving himself, in night and solitude, five thousand miles away from the London office of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It is a pity that the Prince of Wales did not recently go to the Aneimalei shooting-grounds of Southern India. Whilst an elephant or two would have given him up their glittering tusks for the halls of Sandringham, he would also very



A ROYAL TIGER'S SUPPER.

probably have had a chance of some exciting tiger-shooting. A few years ago there were two or three tigers playing their pranks in the sholas or woods of the Neilgherries, near the town of Ootacamund, frightening the good Anglo-Indian inhabitants of that sanitarium out of their several five wits. One night a tiger killed a buffalo, and left it, half-eaten, under a tree. A courageous civil servant of eminent standing—so the story goes—determined to kill that tiger. A platform was built on the tree above the half-eaten carcass. Mr. L. ascended it, and waited, with rifle at full-cock, for the tiger to return to his partially-finished meal. The night hours slowly passed, but no tiger. The next night watch was kept; still no tiger. But local shikarries informed the determined avenger of the slain buffalo that the third night was the critical period. The tiger then would have digested all he had eaten, and would feel decidedly hungry again. It was so. The tiger was ravenous, came to the tree, ate up the rest of the buffalo, and calmly retired to the comfortable seclusion of his lair. The gallant gentleman on the platform on the tree above the carcass had quietly slept whilst the tiger had his meal and went off, swishing his tail and munching his last bone. But this is only one version of the story. The other is slightly more dramatic. It appears that some ill-natured people said that the Judge (for such was the office of the Indian civilian who, as magistrate, had had to hang many a Hindoo criminal in his day) was quite wide awake when the tiger returned to the bait under the tree. It was rumoured that the Judge saw the tiger, and the tiger saw the Judge. The night was bright; the tiger calmly eat away without removing his great, wild, wide eyes from the gentleman up the tree. Suddenly that gentleman discovered that he felt nervous, and became painfully aware of the fact that the platform was erected only seven feet off the ground! So, say the calumniators who propagated this version of the story, the Judge sat shivering, and watched the tiger finish his supper and walk off, without daring to pull

his trigger. Certainly, whichever version of the tale be correct, three facts may be vouched for. First, the half-eaten carcass was carried away from under the tree; secondly, the Judge returned home without a tiger-skin, and without even emptying the barrels of his rifle; thirdly, when the gallant sportsman returned home in the morning, as the sun rose, he was observed to be very pale of face. He was in a bath of perspiration, though the night had been cold, and he trembled violently. He ever after declared tiger-shooting "no sport at all."

II.

A GRAND INDIAN DURBAR.

We pass from the tiger having his lonely meal under the Indian moon to the Indian palace, ablaze with gold and jewels and thronged with Kings. Agra has always been a favourite city for Viceregal durbars. The Engraving on which we are commenting is so faithful in its minutest details that any of our readers who have ever been present at similar gatherings in the Bengal or Bombay Presidencies cannot well fail to recognise at a glance the leading actors in the splendid scene. Of course, conspicuous above all stands the Viceroy for the time being, the representative of her Majesty the Empress of India. On his immediate left stands Scindiah. There is no mistaking his face; and, indeed, all the faces of the natives in this engraving are peculiarly well reproduced—and it is no easy matter, in such a limited space, to give the exact and clear expressions of dark-hued Orientals. Let the reader note the peculiar shape of Scindiah's head-dress. It is supposed to resemble the horned fore-front of a bull. Scindiah is a great Mahratta chieftain, and many of the oldest of the race were simply cowherds first. Nor are they ashamed of it. Were not the Pharaohs of Egypt "shepherd-kings?" Scindiah is, in the eyes of most Europeans, a pattern Hindoo rajah. There is not the slightest doubt but that he is one of the most, if

not absolutely the most, civilised, from a European point of view, of the Indian potentates at present reigning. In habit of face he usually twirls his moustache up, but his countenance is keen and calm. We only allude to a trick of hirsute style, as it generally makes those who know him, till they know him well, think Scindiah is given to the practice of an everlasting smile. Scindiah loves glittering and costly jewels. Let the reader look at the emerald in the centre of his belt in the engraving; it is said to be worth of itself £55,000! But Holkar of Indore is said to be far richer than Scindiah himself! It is said that from between five to seven millions of pounds sterling of English money are cased up and buried and concealed in Central India by this one man. Holkar is a heavy-built personage; he weighs nearly two stone more than his Mahratta brother. Let the reader look closely at him, with his semi-feminine garb, as he stands to the immediate left of Scindiah in the drawing which we are describing. He is a fine fellow, is Holkar; but much of his success is owing to Sir Richard Meade and Sir Madhava Rao. With years he has become corpulent, while Scindiah rides more the older he grows. Holkar has a salute of nineteen guns; Scindiah, we believe, only seventeen; but honours are sometimes distributed not very sagaciously in India.

Next to Holkar stands the late Queen Secunder, Begum of Bhopal, more than fifty years of age, acute as the sharpest of Hindoos. The diamond necklets which she wears glitter brighter than the snowy ermine from which they shine. Next to her stand, we presume, the Maharajah of Rewah, and one of the best known of the Bengal Nawabs. The son of the Prophet is bowed and stricken with years, but his appearance is full of stately dignity. The figures to the right of the Viceroy need not be referred to at length. There is a group of English officers. But who is that standing behind them, near to the Viceroy, on his immediate right? Can it be ex-Guicowar Mulhar-Rao, now a prisoner of State at Madras? His face, his head-dress,



AN IMPERIAL DURBAR AT AGRA.

the insignia of British favour he carries on his right breast—all these mark out the man unmistakably. And in the immediate foreground of our Engraving obsequious attendants throw down, straight before the Representative in India of the Queen, gold and silver and precious stones. Mayhap they were the gifts of this same Mulhar, whom we have judged and condemned. Look at the hookahs of gold and ivory, the embossed shields, the vases, the pearl necklets, and that diamond-studded scimitar. One attendant empties out a box, the contents of which are probably worth a kingdom's ransom. The whole forms a splendid scene, worthy of the gorgeous East.

MDLLE. SCHNEIDER AS "LA BELLE POULE."

A PARIS correspondent writes that a new operetta, entitled *La Belle Poule*, was produced, on Thursday se'nnight, at the Folies Dramatiques. The work is in the style popularised by M. Offenbach in the *Grande Duchesse*, and has been expected with some impatience by Parisian playgoers. The music is by M. Hervé, the author of *Chilpéric*, and fully sustains his reputation. The words are by M. Crémieux, whose *Orphée aux Enfers* is so well remembered, and M. de Saint-Albin, one of the best

writers on the *Figaro*. Needless to say that the dialogue is lively and amusing, while the plot is neatly contrived for the introduction of some eminently comic situations.

Poulette, or la Belle Poule, is a pretty country lass, loving and beloved by Poulet, supposed to be a village lad, though really the son of a certain Marquise and of a Baron, who (one regrets to add) was not her husband. Till the closing scene, however, la Belle Poule and not her swain is believed to be the child of the Marquise, and is adopted as her niece. Yet, though arrayed in silk attire, she utterly refuses to conform herself to conventional habits, or to renounce her affection for Poulet, who has become a scullion in the Baron's kitchen. Her fidelity meets with its reward when the secret of Poulet's birth is discovered, and he also rejects rank and wealth that he may live and die with Poulette. Having proved true to each other and to themselves through all temptations, they return together to their old home to marry and "be happy ever after."

The part of the heroine is played by Mdle. Hortense Schneider. Her voice has lost nothing of its sweetness, and her acting retains all the grace and vivacity for which the Grand Duchesse is famous. Mdle. Schneider's rendering of the beautiful "Letter" song in the first act deserves especial praise, so well is the pathos brought out. There are tears in

her voice. She does equal justice to another gem of the operetta, in the second act—the appeal of a village maiden to a great lady not to steal away her lover's heart—"C'est un joujou pour vous." A song in the Bordelese dialect, which reminds one of Spanish, also merits honourable mention. Mdle. Schneider, who was born near Bordeaux, delivers it like a true native of Guienne. There is a pretty duo, too, in the third act, which is likely to become a favourite—"Je me suis laissé dire que l'Espagne était le pays des amoureux." Altogether *La Belle Poule* promises to be one of the most attractive novelties of the season.

The character of the Marquise is well played by Madame Toudouze, who wears the stately toilette and towering head-dress of the latter part of Louis XV.'s reign. The costumes are, indeed, graceful throughout, the gala dress of the gentlemen suggesting in its decorousness a comparison with modern evening dress, not at all to the advantage of the latter. A lady's hunting-suit was very felicitously designed, consisting of a scarlet jacket faced with white, silver-grey skirt, white lace ruffles and steinkirk cravat, with the old three-cornered hat, having an edging of feather to match. The most amusing scene is, perhaps, the one in which Poulette makes her appearance disguised as a Polish Countess, accompanied by her

uncle, a Scotchman, who is announced as "the Mac Soda Brandy, Esquire, chief of an old Highland clan." The Mac Soda Brandy is arrayed with tolerable correctness in kilt and plaid, and dances a hornpipe. The Baron, too, produces a whimsical effect by anticipating the slang of a century later. The competition of the village girls for the prize of song is also prettily imagined, although diversified by a ludicrous incident, one girl after another coming forward to sing a ballad, taught her, it is true, by the music master, but not exactly tending to edification. This unfortunate preceptor has been selected by the Marquise, along with three other pedagogues, for the instruction of her child long before she has found him. The marriage-contract scene in the third act is full of fun and frolic, and Mdlle. Schneider makes the most of her opportunities.

The Drama.

The pantomimes have now got into smooth working order, and both the morning and evening performances have drawn crowded houses during the week—while the theatres where no special Christmas fare was provided have been equally well attended. During the second week of the holidays changes of programme are not expected, yet some few have taken place, and we are on the eve of numerous others to-night and Monday next.

At the Lyceum, where Mr. Irving has appeared nightly since Boxing Night as *Hamlet*, and repeated the impersonation on Saturday afternoon, Mosenthal's play entitled *Leah* was revived on Saturday night, with Miss Kate Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) once more in her celebrated character of the heroine, which she embodied with all the intensity of power and touching pathos of old. She was well supported in the leading characters—of Madelina, by Miss Virginia Francis; of Nathan, by Mr. H. Forrester; of the Priest, by Mr. Huntley; of Rudolph, by Mr. Brooke; of Ludwig, by Mr. Archer; and of Father Hermann, by Mr. Beaumont. *Leah* is to be repeated to-night and each Saturday evening this month.

At the Gaiety Matinée on Saturday *The Merchant of Venice* was produced, with Mr. Phelps as Shylock, Miss Rose Leclercq as Portia, Mr. Charles Harcourt as Bassanio, Mr. Forbes Robertson Antonio, Mr. Belford Gratiano, Mr. Voltaire as the Duke, and altogether a very efficient cast. The play will be repeated to-day and next Saturday. Matinées are also to be given on Wednesday next. On Wednesday last Mr. Toole and Miss Farren appeared in *Toole at Sea* and *Domestic Economy*.

At the Haymarket, *Home*, with Mr. Sothern in his original part, replaced *David Garrick* on the first three evenings of the week. On Thursday, owing to Mr. Sothern's being unavoidably absent, the comedy of *The Serious Family* was represented; and last night Mr. Sothern was to appear as Lord Dundreary, and Miss Lucy Buckstone, who made so successful a début last week as Ada Ingot in *David Garrick*, was to make her seventh appearance in *Our American Cousin*. This piece will be repeated to-night and the first four evenings of next week. *David Garrick* will be given on Friday; and on Saturday Mr. Sothern takes his benefit, and makes his last appearance in London, previous to his departure for America, in *David Garrick* and *A Regular Fir*. Miss Neilson will make her first appearance in England since her return from America on the following Monday, Jan. 10, as Juliet.

At the Mirror Mr. Horace Wigan, who terminates his management of this theatre and migrates with his company and the successful drama *All for Her* to the St. James's this evening, took his benefit on Thursday night, when he appeared for the first time in London as Sir Peter Teazle, in *The School for Scandal*, supported by Miss Fairfax as Lady Teazle, Mr. Charles Harcourt as Charles Surface, and Mr. Clayton as Joseph Surface.

To-day, besides the morning performances of the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Sangers', Hengler's, Surrey, and other theatres, and both suburban palaces, *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Phelps as Shylock, will be represented at the Gaiety Matinée, and *Hamlet*, with Mr. Irving, at the Lyceum.

To-night will be unusually busy in the dramatic world with new productions, revivals, and migrations of managers.

At the Court a new one-act play, adapted from the French by Mr. C. Coghlan, and entitled *A Quiet Rubber*, will be produced, in which Mr. Hare will appear.

Mr. Horace Wigan migrates with his company from the Mirror to the St. James's, and reproduces there to-night *All for Her*.

Mr. Burnand succeeds to the Mirror henceforth to be styled "The Duke's Theatre," where he removes to-night with his Opéra Comique company and programme of *Meg's Diversion* and *Black-Eyed Susan*. A new farce is underlined for early performance. There is thus no change in the entertainment which has been so successful in the Strand, but several improvements have been introduced in accordance with the larger stage and more convenient accessories at the theatre in Holborn; the orchestra and the number of performers in the ballet being considerably increased, while new dresses and decorations give a certain freshness to a burlesque, the revival of which has been eminently popular.

Mr. Byron's comedy *Married in Haste*, withdrawn in the height of its success from the Haymarket through the advent of Mr. Sothern, will be reproduced this evening at the Charing Cross Theatre, with Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Carlotta Addison, Mr. Charles Warner, and Mr. Byron in their original characters.

At the Opéra Comique, this evening, a complimentary benefit will be given to Mr. Charles Harcourt, who will appear in Mr. Falconer's comedy of *A Husband for an Hour*, and in scenes from *Macbeth*, with Miss Louisa Hibbert as Lady Macbeth. The farce of *Who Speaks First?*—in which Miss Angelina Claude and Miss Fanny Hughes appear—will be included in the programme.

The Royalty Theatre reopens on Monday next, under the management of Messrs. Doyley Carte and George Dolby, with an opéra-bouffe entitled *The Duke's Daughter*; or, *Sold for a Song*. The new libretto is by Mr. G. M. Layton; the music from *La Timbale d'Argent*, by Leon Vasseur; the principal characters supported by Madame Pauline Rita, Miss Rachel Sanger, Miss Marion West, Mr. Kelcher, and Mr. E. M. Royce.

At the Olympic, on Monday, will be produced, for the first time in London, Mr. Joseph Hatton's new drama, *Clytie*, founded on his novel of that name, and which has recently met with great success in Liverpool. Miss Henrietta Hodson, who created the title rôle, is specially engaged to appear; as also Mr. Macklin and Miss Louisa Howard in their original parts.

The Opéra Comique, vacated by Mr. Burnand, reopens on Thursday next, under the management of Mr. Charles Morton, with an English evening, by Mr. Farnie, of Offenbach's opéra-bouffe *Madame l'Archiduc*, supported by Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Violet Granville, Miss Clara Vesey, Mr. W. J. Hill, M. Felix Bury, Mr. E. Connell, and Miss Kate Santley. *Trial by Jury* will also be included in the programme, with Mr. A. Sullivan, of course, as the Judge; Miss Clara Vesey as the fair plaintiff, and Mr. Knight Aston as the defendant.

We subjoin our notices of the Christmas novelties in continuation to those given last week.

ALHAMBRA.—Mr. J. A. Cave, who is shortly seceding from his brief tenure of management of this establishment, will retire in a blaze of triumph, and will have left his mark for the perfection, taste, and elegance which characterise his last production here. The new Christmas operatic fairy extravaganza, founded on the well-known romantic ballad and entitled *Lord Bateman; his Adventures by Land and Sea*. For spectacular and scenic effects, abundance of well-selected and original music by M. Jacobi, brilliant ballets arranged by Lauri, and superbly splendid costumes, dazzling in their richness of material and brightness of harmoniously-blended colours, due to the taste and elaborate designs of Mr. Maltby, the present extravaganza surpasses all previous displays, even at the Alhambra; while the grand ballet in the second act, executed by 200 coryphées, led by Mdlles. Pitteri and Pertoldi as premieres danseuses, is one of the most beautiful terpsichorean displays ever seen on any stage, even when ballets were in their zenith at Her Majesty's Opera House. The libretto, by Mr. Sydney French, is not distinguished by much smartness in the dialogue, is heavy and tedious in parts, and, although somewhat pruned down since the first night, requires still further curtailment. Yet for this drawback the exquisite ballets and charming music, excellently rendered by the vocalists and unrivalled orchestra, more than compensate, and will ensure a long-continued success for *Lord Bateman*. The story opens in the Demon Caves of Darkness, with an incantation in the good old style of pantomime. Scarabæus (Miss Adelaide Newton), a demon who subsequently assumes two other characters, conspiring against the hero, and the good genius, Reginelli (Miss Sara Lilian), who also afterwards appears as a sailor, vows to counteract the evil machinations. The next scene is the deck of the good ship Queen of the Wave, crowded with sailors in fanciful nautical costumes. Lord Bateman (Mr. William Rignold), accompanied by his faithful servitor, Radamanthus John (Mr. H. Paulton), come on board to commence their travels, and are followed by their deserted sweethearts, Lady Mabel (Miss Pauline Markham, who makes her first appearance here) and Bridget (Miss Emma Chambers), who are desirous to accompany them on their voyage. Lord Bateman, after much finessing, induces the ladies to return to shore, and the ship sets sail—a cleverly-managed scenic illusion. She is soon boarded and captured by a band of pirates, and the act ends with a regular fight on deck and a grand chorus from Generet's *Quentin Durward*, admirably sung. In this act also is given a new nautical song, composed by Mr. Cave and very well rendered by Mr. Fountain; a new song by M. Jacobi, which was sung by Miss Chambers, is nightly encored; and some lively hornpipe ballet music, also by M. Jacobi. The second act commences on the Eastern Island of O'Donowhere, governed by King Mac O'Karvem Cook'em-awl, with a brogue (Mr. Ross), and his wife, Queen Titbitito (Miss Eily Beaumont), who rules the Monarch. A ship is signalled, and Lord Bateman and his companion are brought in prisoners and ordered away to confinement. They regain their liberty for a time on condition of amusing the Court. Master and man re-enter, attired in feather dresses, like Papageno in the *Zauberflöte*. Much of the business here might well be omitted. Eventually Lord Bateman and his man effect their escape on the backs of huge dolphins, and we next find them in Turkey, where the former makes love to the fair Sophia (Miss Lennox Grey), daughter of the Big Bashaw (Mr. Hall), and the latter flirts with her attendant, Dudu (Miss Alice Hilton). Here arrive Lady Mabel and Bridget, disguised in picturesque male attire, who have followed the fugitives, and much amusing complications arise from their witnessing the infidelity of their lovers. In this act takes place the magnificent ballet we have already mentioned, and also some of the choicest of the vocal music, including "The old, old Song," by Lafont, which meets with rapturous applause as rendered by Miss Beaumont. A new serenade by M. Jacobi, pleasingly sung by Miss Markham, an original Neapolitan song by Miss Beaumont and chorus, and another air by Hobson, charmingly given by Miss Lennox Grey. In the third act Lord Bateman and his servitor are in prison, from which they escape in a similar manner to that represented in the *Shaugraun*, the scene being a clever replica of that in the Irish drama. This act is the weakest of the four, and is only endurable from the cleverness of the mechanical change of the scene and from two of the incidental songs, Sullivan's "Once Again" and a new "Valse Chantante" by M. Jacobi, both very skilfully and pleasingly rendered, the former by Miss Newton, the latter by Miss Lennox Grey. The fourth and last act takes place once more in England, at Lord Bateman's castle, where all the foreign delinquencies are forgiven, and Lord Bateman and Radamanthus are united to their first loves, Lady Mabel and Bridget, the piece terminating with a gorgeous scene of the departure of the Big Bashaw in his golden galley. In this act there is a characteristic rustic dance by the villagers, which gains much applause, as well as a chorus fugue by Panseron and a quartet, "Take back the heart," by Claribel, in which Miss Chambers, Miss Markham, and Messrs. Rignold and Paulton take part.

HENGLE'S GRAND CIRQUE.—Hitherto the management of this establishment has been contented to supplement the ordinary equestrian performances at Christmas time with some nursery tale, represented as a pretty spectacle designed exclusively for children, and enacted by well-trained juveniles; but this year the Messrs. Hengler have cleverly overcome the difficulties of presenting in a circus a species of entertainment depending so much upon scenic accessories, stage properties, and effects, and produced a veritable Christmas pantomime—entirely in the ring, including the orthodox opening, in the Forest of Gloom, with the evil genius, a cheval, and his attendant imps; the succeeding "Realms of Bliss," with the bright Fairy Queen "Sunbeam," and her two attendants, in elegant fairy chariots; followed by the whole story of the well-known legend of *Valentine and Orson*; or, *Harlequin King Pippin and the Wild Man of the Woods*, carried out in detail, and winding up with a genuine harlequinade, supported by the accustomed motley quartet—Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine. All this without scenery, except in the finale to the opening, where, by a few simple contrivances of covering the boundary of the ring with canvas balustrades, the sawdust with tessellated carpet, and placing a triumphal arch at the entrance, a Baronial Hall is magically prepared for the grand celebration of King Pippin and his Court in honour of the victory of Valentine, who returns from his conquest leading the Wild Man of the Woods, Orson, captive. The comic scenes of the harlequinade, and they are truly comic and amusing, are aided solely by a small representation at the entrance of the front of a hair-dresser's shop, and the introduction of a four-post bed. Then there are ballets by graceful fairies in picturesque costumes; grotesque processions of the King and his Court; ludicrous feats by Orson and his mother, the bear; the battle between Valentine, armed cap-à-pied, and Orson, ending in the discomfiture of the latter; while in the harlequinade there are the usual pilferings and tricks of the Clown and Pantaloon, ill-treated swells and cripples, and bewildered

policemen; and the troubles and misfortunes endured by Clown and Pantaloon in the haunted bedchamber—all represented with unsurpassed fun, merriment, and comic bustle delightful to children. A prominent feature of the pantomime is an elaborate dance by a large number of cleverly-trained children, who keep time with cocoa-nut shells as they go through the figures. This is similar to, but if anything more skilfully executed than, that which is introduced into the Covent Garden pantomime. The pantomime, which is a great success, is by M. Felix Revolti, who takes the part of Orson; Mr. J. M. Hengler enacts Valentine. Mr. J. Bibb, the clever droll of the ring, appears in the opening as Hugo, the cowardly esquire of Sir Valentine, and in the harlequinade as Clown. Miss Nellie Reid, the admired equestrienne, makes a bewitching Fairy Queen, and Miss Mathilde Vidal a radiant Princess Eglantine, whose hand is the reward of Valentine's bravery.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The pantomime here bears the comprehensive title of *Jack in Wonderland*; or, *the Magic Beanstalk, the Great Giant, and the Merry Pranks of the Good Little People*, and emanates from the practised skill of Mr. E. L. Blanchard. It is a modification of the familiar story of "Jack and the Beanstalk," amplified with additions from the realms of fancy to allow of the introduction of attractive ballets, comic effects, and scenes illustrative of two leading current events—viz., the polar expedition and the Prince of Wales's visit to India. After an opening scene wherein Zadkiel, Old Moore, and other almanack makers hold converse with the Fairy Weather, and a procession of the months and the principal events marking each takes place, the story begins at Jack's home in Devonshire, with Jack (Miss Caroline Parkes) and his companions enjoying the pastimes of snowballing and sliding in a pretty wintry landscape, which changes to the Pixie's Grotto, where a grand ballet of the metals, minerals, and precious stones takes place by the corps de ballet, led by the Misses Elliott, in characteristically bright dresses. When this imposing scene is over, the story is resumed. Goody Grey-Shoes (Mr. Friend), Jack's supposed mother, pressed for her rent, is compelled to sell her calf, which Jack disposes of for a handful of beans to the fairy Crystalline, disguised as a young farmer. Of course Jack gets into disgrace for his careless bargain; the beans are thrown away, but, through the agency and cultivation of the pixies, they grow into a gigantic tree. Furnished by the fairy Crystalline with a goblin attendant, Scarlet Runner (M. Espinosa), Jack ascends the leviathan stalk, and first finds himself in the Arctic regions, where he encounters a party of natives on skates with large wheels, and a number of bears, from whom he and Scarlet Runner narrowly escape, and arrive next in India. Here, in an effective set-scene of palm-trees and Oriental palaces, are introduced the Midget Hanlons as monkeys; the Bernard dark minstrels, with song and clog-dance; Indian jugglers, snake-charmers; a grand procession, the reflex of the Royal progress; elephants, camels, feather banners; and a fanciful and pretty ballet of Nautch-girls, one figure in which is exceedingly novel and pretty, where the Hindoo dancers waltz round, encircling themselves in a long gauze scarf or veil. Afterwards the two wanderers reach the Giant's castle, where they are supplied with talismans by the fairies; encounter the Giant's baby—a creation which reaches the flies; and indulge in a number of little pleasantries at the expense of the Giant himself. Of the last only the head, which occupies the whole breadth of the stage like a scene, is seen; but the effect is excellent. The eyes and mouth are capably imitated, and move with a fair approach to reality. The conclusion rapidly follows. Jack slays the giant, is rewarded by the hand of his sweetheart, Rose; and the transformation takes place. This transformation scene is a real novelty, being an allegory in itself, and is the decided hit of the pantomime. It reflects infinite credit on the artistic invention of Mr. Brew, who designed it. Most gracefully does it illustrate a pretty little story, which tells how Gretchen, a child who is under fairy protection, went to pluck flowers in the wood to offer to the fairies who had been kind to her. Amongst the trees she meets a beautiful stranger—a lady in a shining silver robe—who, to reward the child's gratitude, forthwith takes her to the exquisitely beautiful Land of Remembrance. The harlequinade which follows is brisk and full of fun, the scenes including the Gate of the Suez Canal, A Police Station, Quiet Lodgings, ending with the Home of the Fairies. With the sprightly Miss Caroline Parkes as the hero, M. Espinosa as his attendant, Scarlet Runner, Mr. Friend as Goody Grey-Shoes, Miss Manetti, and the other representatives of the fairy world; its bright ballets designed by M. Espinosa, the Polar and gorgeous Indian scenes, *Jack in Wonderland* is exactly the suitable Christmas entertainment for children.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The directors seem to have spared neither expense nor trouble in producing their first pantomime, and have succeeded in rendering it one of the best of the season. Written by the Brothers Grimm, and entitled *Harlequin the Yellow Dwarf*; or, *the King of the Gold Mines*, it introduces, as in the Crystal Palace pantomime, scenes illustrative of the Polar expedition, and Indian pageants and ballets; but its leading features are the unique representations by Mr. George Conquest of a stunted orange-tree, an owl, and a dwarf; his magical transformations from the first to the others in succession; and the marvellous saltatory feats by himself and his son in the scene of the Spider's Glen, where the latter, as the sprite Magnet, pursues the Yellow Dwarf down traps, whence they are shot up, one after the other, high into the flies, Lulu like. Daring and marvellous as these descents and upward flights appear to be, they are executed with such ease and aplomb that there is little apprehension of danger. With the exception of these scenes, introduced for the purpose of these wonderful feats, the well-known fairy tale is closely followed. Scene 1 opens with Jack Frost's Hall of Icicles and Frozen Palace, surrounded by his favourites, Snowdrop and Snowballs. Here he shows us the dangers and perils of the Arctic Expedition, and touches upon the various topics of the day, when a call is made upon him by the Shortest Day, Jolly Times, and Good Cheer, each accompanied by an army of attendants (in this scene various games are illustrated by a corps of nearly 150 children), at the conclusion of which Jack Frost begins to thaw: feels in a more genial humour, consents, at the request of his friends, to go in for Christmas pantomime, and makes a call upon Little Great Britain (Miss Laura Conquest) in her golden pagodas of England. In this scene a grand Eastern ballet of one hundred coryphées is introduced, arranged by M. Espinosa. Scene three brings us to the orange-grove, where King Meliodorus, King of the Gold Mines, is seeking (in vain) Princess Allfair (Miss Dot Robins). Princess Allfair arrives in her palanquin, having lost her way in the wood, and, feeling somewhat faint, plucks an orange from the enchanted tree (Mr. George Conquest), which immediately becomes animated, and makes love to her. She rejects its love, and calls, for sage advice, upon the old owl of the wood. The tree immediately becomes transformed to the owl. The Princess is lost in amazement at these sudden transformations, and wants to know who and what he really is. He again instantly changes, and appears before her in propria personæ as the Yellow Dwarf. She still rejects him. He becomes infuriated, and tells her that, for having plucked his magic fruit, he claims her as his wife. She swoons away, and the scene changes to

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Athletic Sports.

The visit of an eleven from Sheffield to play football against London is invariably accompanied by wet; and on Saturday last, when the first of the home and home matches was played on Kennington-oval, the weather, as usual, was the very reverse of pleasant. A nasty drizzle commenced about eleven o'clock, which, by the time fixed for beginning the game, had changed to a steady and persistent downpour of rain. Under these circumstances it was patent to all that a fast game would be quite out of the question, as the ground had become dreadfully heavy and slippery. Every accommodation, including a tent for ladies, had been provided by the executive of the Surrey Club; but the spectators at no time mustered in overpowering numbers. Luckily, there was no wind of any consequence, so the toss, which was won by Sheffield, did not make much difference. Rawson kicked off for London, who at once began pressing their opponents back, Kenrick, Maynard, Barlow, Buchanan, and Stratford making themselves conspicuous by their excellent play. At last the brothers Clegg and Wilkinson got away with the ball, which they carried down before them well into the territory of the Londoners. Here it remained for a short time; but, after a little pretty play in front of the goal of the "cockneys," Barlow and Buchanan forced it away, and Maynard, taking it under his special care, made a splendid run down the side, threatening the Sheffielders' goal again, which ultimately was captured, after about twenty-five minutes' play, by Kenrick, the goal-keeper, Bowling slipping after stopping the ball. After starting again both sides played with great determination, and at one time the London goal was threatened, at another the Sheffield fortress; but no further score was obtained until half-time, when ends were changed. In spite of the fine play by Wollaston and Maynard, the Sheffield men held their own; and, had it not been for the excellent goal-keeping of Savage, the London stronghold must have been captured on two occasions, Gregory and J. C. Clegg both making shots at it. The next item of any moment was a magnificent run nearly the whole length of the ground by Maynard, the ball being taken from him close to the Sheffield posts; but shortly afterwards Kenrick scored a second goal for London. Apparently unnerved by their want of success, the visitors now seemed to play in a less spirited manner; and, although one or two of their men tried to get away with the ball, their efforts were fruitless. After a short run Buchanan middled the ball to Bain, who quickly sent it between the posts, thereby scoring the third goal for London, and in about another five minutes Kinnaird added another with a good kick. For the rest of the game the ball was about in the middle of the ground, and when time was called London were victorious by four goals to nothing. In the evening the Sheffield eleven were the guests of their opponents, in the saloon of the pavilion of the Surrey Cricket Club, at a dinner, at which Mr. Rawson, the London captain, took the chair. On Monday, the 3rd inst., the same team from Sheffield journeyed to Slough, where they encountered the Swifts. The ground was not so bad as might have been expected, and a very evenly-contested game was the result of their visit. At first the Swifts had rather the best of the match, and carried the ball twice over the goal-line of Sheffield, but, thanks to Mosforth and J. C. Clegg, the Northerners obtained the first score, the latter kicking the ball through the posts. On resuming play Hubert Heron showed to great advantage, and in two attempts, after two fine runs, he almost succeeded in scoring a goal for the Swifts. The game now proceeded in a very equal manner, first one goal being in danger and then the other. However, a few minutes before time Parry cleverly middled the ball to H. Heron, who was on this occasion successful in kicking a goal; and thus a very pleasant match ended in a draw. By-the-by, I notice that Mr. C. W. Alcock, after sixteen years active service in furthering the interests of the highly-popular game of football, has expressed his intention of retiring altogether as a player.

On Monday afternoon a fairly numerous company was present at Lillie-bridge, when a four-miles' walking handicap among professionals took place. The prizes, which were given by the Amateur Athletic Club, were £8, £4, £2, and £1, for the first, second, third, and fourth man respectively; while, with a view to induce the competitors to make good time, extra premiums were offered. For instance, any one beating 28min 30sec would receive £4; those who beat 29min, £3 10s.; and so down to those who beat 33min, and who would become entitled to 5s. Although it rained heavily in the early part of the day, the afternoon was fortunately fine; but the path was by no means in so bad a condition as might have been feared. The "field" was made up as follows: J. Stockwell (Brixton), 40sec; J. Barnes (Camberwell), 1min 30sec; J. Miles (Brixton), 1min 40sec; A. Clarke (Hackney), 2min; J. Hibbert (Bethnal Green), 2min 20sec; H. Leeson (Walsall), 2min 30sec; J. Bradley (Knightsbridge), 2min 45sec; G. Langston (Fulham), 2min 50sec; W. Chaplin (Kentish Town), 3 min; W. Green (Strand), 3 min; A. Holland (Paddington), 3 min; C. Baynard (Bloomsbury), 3min; E. Capp (Fulham), 3min; A. Standage (Croydon), 3min 10sec; W. Godfrey (Brixton), 3min 20sec. Some of these were quickly disqualified by the referee, Mr. T. Griffith, and most properly so. It soon became apparent that the issue lay between Bradley, Miles, and Hibbert. At the end of the third mile Bradley was about sixty yards ahead of Miles, who was walking splendidly, and taking matters pretty easily. Bradley eventually won by 16sec, doing the distance in 31min 40sec; Miles was second, in 30min 56sec; Hibbert third, in 32min 20sec; and Stockwell fourth, in 31min 36sec.

On Saturday and Monday last Perkins, the champion walker, was surprising the natives at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh. In a three-mile handicap for a silver cup and £5 he gave as much as 5½min start, no one being in receipt of less than 2½min. The issue was scarcely ever in doubt, as, going at high pressure, the champion won by about a quarter of a mile, in 22min 32sec. On completing his task two local book-makers bet him £25 he could not walk four miles under half an hour. The wager was taken, and on Monday he accomplished the distance with 23sec to spare.

Although not coming strictly under the head of athletics, I never allow a billiard contest of any importance to take place without giving a brief record of it, and when a handicap of such proportions as that promoted by Cook is progressing I should be failing in my duty did I allow it to pass over without a somewhat lengthy comment. As is customary with most of Cook's annual handicaps, the one under notice is being played in the banqueting-hall of the Guildhall Tavern, on a table manufactured by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts. The interest shown on the first evening (Monday), judging from the attendance, was small in the extreme. Before giving any details of the play I should notice that the champion's name, J. Roberts, jun., was conspicuous by its absence in the list of players. The prizes consist of £50, given by the promoter, for the winner of the handicap; a cue-case and fittings for the second prize, presented by the makers of the table, who also generously offer a handsome gold locket for the highest average. The heats were 500 up, and the first pair were G. Hunt (220) and D. Richards (224), neither of whom showed to any great advantage, and, after playing 53 minutes, Hunt

won by 105 points. A little more interest was taken in the second game, when Stanley (110) opposed G. Collins (220). Stanley soon began at the spot-stroke, and, in a break of 51, made eight of his favourites, to which Collins responded with a break of 22. At his next attempt Stanley manipulated another 51, getting soon afterwards within a dozen of his opponent. Collins got further away, and was 290 to 243 when Stanley, with two consecutive breaks of 27, became 300 to 307. However, it is unnecessary to say much more, except that Collins played very pluckily, and won eventually by 50 points, after exactly an hour's play. On Tuesday H. Evans (220) and F. Shorter (220) commenced a continuation of the handicap, the company again being but small. Evans at first not only held his own, but became 307 to 247. Shorter now settled fairly down to work, and although Evans made a very pretty run of 61, his opponent, with 53 and 32, took the lead, being 393 to 382 for Evans. The latter now seemed to fall all to pieces, and Shorter won easily by 86 points in 51min. In the next game T. Taylor (110) played the veteran J. Stammers (270). Taylor caught his opponent at 314, and, easing up slightly when he saw the game at his mercy, won by 148 points in 52min. Wednesday evening saw the conclusion of the first round, and I am glad to be able to state that the room was much better attended than on the two preceding nights; in fact, when Cook and A. Bennett contended in the second game the saloon was almost as full as it would hold, and the greater part of the play throughout was of a fair and attractive character. L. Kilkenny and F. Bennett, both of whom received 170, were the first pair of players. The former at the start had certainly a little luck, but when settled fairly to work Bennett went in front by a dozen, their respective scores being 236 to 224. These positions were soon reversed, Kilkenny making breaks of 38 and 23. Although Bennett added 37, Kilkenny still held his own, and, with a good run of 53, virtually held the winning card. Bennett now seemed to play carelessly, and Kilkenny finally won by 115 points. The game was remarkable for its paucity of winning hazards, although the White was frequently holed. Some of Kilkenny's cannons evoked a considerable amount of applause. But the greatest interest was excited in the second heat of the evening when Cook (scratch) opposed Alfred Bennett (170). The latter, it may be remembered, was within an ace of winning Cook's American handicap last year, and since that time he has, to my mind, improved considerably in his play, not only as regards execution, but in the very careful manner in which he played for safety against his formidable opponent. Bennett at starting made breaks of 23, 13, and 18, and soon held a lead of 200 points. Cook at first was dead off his play, while Bennett kept on pegging away, hardly ever failing to score, his last run numbering 35 with six spots. The ex-champion now had the balls left, and made a break of 70, to which Bennett answered with 25. Cook then in rapid succession added 29, 36, 34, and 37, and became 327 to 400. Nothing daunted Bennett stuck to his work, and made an excellent all round break of 50. Cook with 17 and 55 went as far as 400, when Bennett ran to 477, finishing with a miss. Cook failed to score, and his opponent added 23, and won by 99. The second draw was as follows:—Collins v. Hunt, Taylor v. Kilkenny, A. Bennett v. Shorter. Oxford Jonathan was in charge of the marking-board, and T. Cook officiated with the rest, half butt, &c.

COOK'S BILLIARD HANDICAP.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—It seems hard on me that I should be kept out of the great billiard handicaps. It cannot be that I am not good enough to play in them, having ran second in three and won one of the largest handicaps that have been played in England; and I see men in Cook's handicap who have very little the best of me, as you can see by referring to the papers. I depend, like Cook, upon the board of green cloth for my living, and I think I ought to have a fair chance of getting one; but, for some reason or other, I am not allowed to appear in the present handicap. If you will kindly insert this in your paper you will greatly oblige, your obedient servant,

Jan. 6, 1876.

ALFRED HUGHES.

MR. ANDREW O'ROURKE'S RAMBLINGS.
FLIGHT.

CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, Jan. 3, 1876.

ME DEAR MIKE,—'Tis often them laist behouden to advise that's most ready to give it, and 'tis often to them who can or will make laist use of it that 'tis given to. That may not be reason, but it's human nature, an human nature is above reason; for, Mike, there was human natur long before there was reason. Adam was human nature when he felt lonesome an Eve was sent to him. He was human nature when she coaxed him into aintin the apple. It wasn't until he saw how wrong that was he began to larn reason by obsarvin his unreasonableness in not bein satisfied with his bachelor state. Wan thing is plain enough, if Adam only done what he was commanded they'd be no widdies to-day; an if he was only satisfied with his bachelor state I could snap me fingers at Enmain an Mortail, solictithors.

Well, but, as I was goin to say (when, owin to the way me heart is in with vexation, I started away like a young cowl with his first experience of July horse-flies), any wan would think I'm the last man in the world to think of givin advice about widdies, and that, as you're married, you're the last man to want it; but I can't help sayin just wan word. If anything ever happens your good woman, get your eldest son to bind you apprentice for seven years to a coffin-maker, for no apprentice can marry.

To go on with me story where I left off last:—Afther spyin into a lot of offices that looked like places where they bought ould paper be the pound an sowld dust chape, I tuck courage an went into wan.

Inside it was for all the world like a savins bank—that is, to the eye; but I med the remark to meself that the best way to thrait it with regard to savins was to be savin of your presence in it.

Sez I to one of the graysiest ould craychures of a clerk I ever seen, sez I, "I want to see the masher."

"The what?" he axes, as if 'twas for the lend of a bottle of red ink to poison himself with I had inquired.

"The masher of the place—the attorney," sez I, lookin as sweet on him as a man in a 'bus when you stand on his corns.

"On what business?"

"That's for me to tell him." Do you think I was goin to put me misfortunes in his mouth an have a crowd at the doore as I kem out?

"Your name?"

"Andrew O'Rourke."

"Andrew O'Rook," sez he, lookin at me like a boy at the owner of a peepshow afther bein chated be reason of the candles goin out when the show was half over an the man havin no more dips.

"Look here," sez I, dhravin back a few fut from the counter; "if you main to stand there callin me out of me name, instead of tellin your masher I want to see him, I'm goin over that counter to keep you company inside there, and taich you how to open your mouth when you spake me name."

"Here's a man threatenin me with violence," he called out to four or five others of his sort behind him.

"Nothin of the soort," I makes answer; "only a little compulsoire ejjucation in the matthers of manners and pronunciation, an compulsory ejjucation is accordin to law."

With that all the others laughed; an more because of their laughin at him than be anny fear of me doing what I said—for I was only thryin to make him lively just for wance more before he died—he went off with me message.

In a little while he kem back an axed me to follow him. We went along a passage an up a staircase to a small back room that looked as gloomy as if it was practising to be in its ould age a vault undher a church.

Forment me on a chair sat an elderly man with grey hairs, blue eyes, spectacles, and wrinkles.

"Mr. O'Rook," cries the ould clerk when I stud in the middle of the room.

"That will do now, thank you, Mr. Jackdaw," sez I; "you may go down."

As soon as meself and the ould attorney was alone he looked up at me with a sudden smile, just for all the world as if he hadn't wished to acknowledge me for his brother before that disjointed skeleton of a green-faced clerk, but was happy to do so now. Before the smile was quite over he sez, "Pray, Sir, be sated: Is not the weather mild?"

"I have no faut to find with the weather," sez I, taking a chair, an feelin awfully ashamed of havin to tell this venerable-lookin rock of sense all me troubles. For the life of me I couldn't lay me hands on the way to begin.

"No doubt; no doubt; but perhaps you may have cause of complaint again some person or thing. The elements are not the ony matters that throuble mankind."

"Thru for you, Sir," sez I, softenin twards him, because of his fatherly ways and reasonableness of spëech. "But I have no complaint again anny wan."

"Then," sez he, with a still more fatherly smile, as if he was axin me to choose which of the ten commandments I'd like to break until he'd say it was no consequence, "Then, perhaps," sez he, "some wan has cause of complaint again you?"

"No," sez I, lookin into the linin of me hat.

"Hah!" with a sharp look, as though he was goin to begin business. Sez he, afther lookin at me for a bit, "But some person or persons have given you raison to think that it is considered some one or more has or have cause of complaint again you?"

"That's more like it," I answers, with a sigh of relief.

"Is the nature of the criminal or civil?" he axes, writin with a piece of pencil.

"Civil," I makes answer.

"If it's a civil case you had betther go on now an tell me all about it."

"It's a civil case, no doubt of it, an ony it's rather long I'd begin at wunce." Faith, Mike, I couldn't get up me courage.

"But the sooner begun the sooner ended," he sez, lookin like as if he was quite prepared for the last half of the ten commandments bein put before him in pieces. "Who are the parties?"

"One man, one woman, and the d—."

"We have nothing to do with the last-named person."

"I b'lieve, Sir, not in this life, but there's a good time comin." He smiled on me as kindly as if he was the whole generations of me ancesthors back to Noah or Cæsar.

"Who is the man?"

"Meself, Andrew O'Rourke."

"Who is the woman?"

"The widdy Hill."

"An what is the nature of the alleged injury or cause of complaint?"

"There isn't much good nature about the complaint, for already there's attorneys mixed up with it. But read this, 'twill let you into the saycret. With them words I handed him a copy of the letther from the two attorneys."

He read the letter through without a word. When it was finished he sez, "I know Enmain an Mortail very well. They devote most of their time to equity, an do not seem to have taken the throuble to find out the mode of procedure in case of breach of promise of marriage. But I have no doubt they will get at you; they are quite certain to get at you."

"Oh, murther!"

"If I were to write to them now, saying you had instructed me to act for you, they'd say no more about sommons and plaint, but go to work in due procedure, an, no matter what the circumstances are, they'd recover heavy damages against you; for in this matter of breach of promise of marriage it does not make the laist difference whether there has or has not been a promise or a reference to marriage, or even a thought of the kind on the part of ayther persons; British juries are bound to find a verdict for the plaintive in the every case."

"Oh, but, Sir, what's to be done. I'm a sthranger in a sthrange land."

"Well, be a sthrangerer sthranger in a furrin land."

"Eh?"

"Leave the kindom of Great Britain an Ireland, an seek your fortunes where your tongue can get you into no throuble with the maids or widdies. Six-an-eightpence. Good day."

I have been getting ready to go all the week, an before the sun rises again on Paris I'll be there. Don't be uneasy if you don't hear from me for a good bit, as I'd be afraid to write laist she'd find out me address, an although the law couldn't follow me there she could, an I'd rather have the law an all its works and poms, includin Calcraft, than wan more sight of her.

Your lovin cousin,

ANDY O'ROURKE.

To Michael Crotty, Esq., South King-sthreet, Dublin.

BALL AT THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.—On Wednesday night a ball was given at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on a scale of unusual magnitude. More than 1000 guests were invited, including the officers of twenty-nine regiments and of fourteen brigade dépôts of Royal Artillery stations.

THE FRENCH JOCKEY CLUB.—The members of the French Jockey Club received, on Sunday afternoon, a visit from Marshal de MacMahon, on the occasion of the admission of his son Patrice into that aristocratic body. M. Patrice de MacMahon, son of the President, was proposed by the Marquis de Biron and General the Duc de Lesparre; and at the same time were admitted Count d'Alsace d'Hénin, Prince Borys Galitzin, Count Joseph de Gontaut, orderly officer of Marshal de MacMahon, Baron Christian de Berkheim, Viscount de Brigode, Count de Rilly, &c. The President of the Republic, who has been a member of the club for a great number of years, took part in the vote.

LAMFLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

THE DUC D'AUMALE.

According to the *Spectator*, "it is becoming important to Frenchmen to understand the character of the Duc d'Aumale; for, unless a great many symptoms, all leading to the same conclusion, are misread, he will soon be the most prominent aspirant for the presidency." Far be it from us to abandon the neutral ground which we occupy in the world of journalism for an unnecessary plunge into the vexed sea of French politics; but we cannot forget, at this important juncture in the public life of the fourth son of Louis Philippe (vide the *Times* and *Spectator*), that it is not many years since he, with much grace and great success, played the part of a thoroughbred English sportsman. On Jan. 1, 1871, the following interesting biography of the Duc d'Aumale appeared in *Baily's Magazine*. It will be perceived that even then the political future of the potential President was the subject of inspired conjecture. The writer of the *Baily* biography, who "could not ignore the fact that the subject of his brief sketch might be possibly called at no distant day to assist in the government of the land," &c., may one of

these days have to refer his readers to the time when *he*, anticipating the *Times* and other journals, foreshadowed the Duke's occupation of the presidential chair of the French Republic.

"Henri Eugene Philippe Louis d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale, fourth son of King Louis Philippe, born in 1822, the scion of a house which has proved equal to either fortune, and borne itself as nobly in adversity as in prosperity, domesticated, so to speak, for the last twenty years in this country, and winning golden opinions from all classes and degrees of men, scarcely needs an introduction from us to our readers. A gallant soldier, an administrator of no mean ability, an able and polished writer, a good sportsman and agriculturist, and last, though not least in our esteem, an English country gentleman, he seems well worthy of the slight honour we can give him. There are patents of nobility higher than kings or kaisers can bestow, and the house of Orleans can boast the highest. 'Indeed a noble family; for all the sons were brave and all the daughters were virtuous.'

"Commencing his military career at eighteen, in Algeria, on the staff of the Duc d'Orleans, and winning his spurs at the

engagement of the Affroun, in 1840, charging at the head of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the Duc d'Aumale made seven campaigns in Africa. He was in France for a brief period in 1841, and, entering Paris at the head of his regiment, was fired at by an assassin, whom the king pardoned. Returning the next year as General in the provinces of Medeah and Constantine, he fought in many combats in the mountains against the Kabyles, and in the plains against Abd-el-Kader, finally bringing a brilliant campaign to an issue by the capture of the camp of that renowned chieftain, together with nearly four thousand men, correspondence, and treasure. The Duke subsequently much distinguished himself in the taking of Beskara, and the pacification of Constantine, and in 1847, when he succeeded Marshal Bugeaud as Governor-General of the colony, he forced Abd-el-Kader to surrender. The Revolution of '48, and the proclamation of the Republic, found him at his post, and, yielding to the entreaties of M. Arago (a member of the Provisional Government), he sacrificed his situation and prospects to the welfare of his country, together with his brother, the Prince de Joinville, who had been spend-



THE DUC D'AUMALE.

ing the winter with him in Algeria, quitting the colony for England, amidst the universal regret of both the army and the population.

"Since that time his life has been amongst us; and, banished from his native land, his Royal Highness has spent an undesired leisure in literary pursuits, and in the duties and pastimes of an English country life. He has given many valuable pamphlets, chiefly on military tactics, to the world; but the chief object of his studies has been to perpetuate the glory of the great house of Condé, of which he is partly the heir, and the 'Histoire des Princes de Condé' (the first volume was published last year) promises to be a valuable addition to the History of France. His house at Twickenham (the same in which his father lived in 1816-7) is a museum of valuable books, pictures, and art treasures—the residence of the man of cultivated tastes and refined enjoyment; at Woodnorton, in the pleasant vale of Evesham, he is equally at home among turnips and mangolds, is a capital and winning speaker at the dinners of agricultural societies, and a sportsman to the manner born.

"It is about twelve years since that the Duke commenced a country life by building what was at first intended for a shooting-box, but which has since grown into a mansion, and establishing there the pack of harriers with which he and the Prince de Joinville had hunted the neighbourhood of Twickenham. In Worcestershire they found a wider field

for their sport—the extent of country offered to H.R.H. being nearly sufficient for every day in the week—and though Vale farmers are not generally very partial to harriers, his unvarying affability and genial manner made him as popular with them as his higher qualities had done among his neighbours. The pack is hunted by H. H. Stephenson, the well-known cricketer, well aided by Keyte the whip, and, with a scent, they make short work of their game. The Duke's coverts, too, are well stocked, and it may be mentioned that when he commenced preserving, he at once determined that the tenants on the estate should not suffer from his amusement, and gave up the ground game to them—in this as everything else showing himself the model of a country gentleman. He sees quickly, and appreciates thoroughly good farming, and allows no distinction of creed or sect to influence him when his aid is solicited for a work of charity or social improvement.

"Universally popular, and possessed of singular powers of attraction, wherever the Duc d'Aumale is, whether talking pleasantly to Worcestershire farmers, at the covert side, in the shady alleys of Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, among the gay crowds at Iffezheim, or the élite of English society, there do people gather round him. A man of great talent, and of great confidence in his own powers, he, in common with the other members of his family, has still yielded to the necessity of events, and in dignified retirement kept aloof from the arena of politics. But on two occasions, and both honourable to

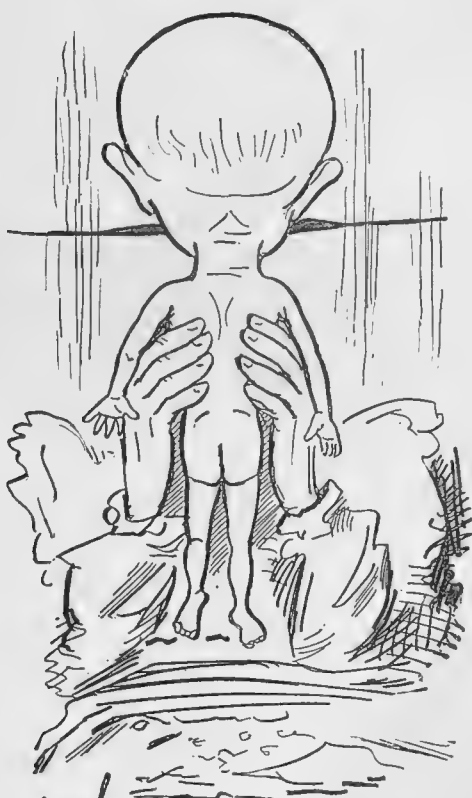
himself, he emerged from that retirement. In 1861 Prince Napoleon attacked, in an offensive speech in the Senate, the Orleans family, to which the Duke replied by a pamphlet ('Lettre sur l'histoire de France') and a challenge. The pamphlet was suppressed, the challenge declined. Recently, on the first reverse to the arms of France, his Royal Highness hastened, with his brothers and nephews, to offer their services to the Emperor, and afterward to the Provisional Government, but by both they were refused.

"The Duc d'Aumale has had his share of private as well as public trials. In '66 he endured a heavy blow by the death in Australia of his eldest son, the Prince de Condé, and on Dec. 6, 1869, the Duchess, a Princess of the Two Sicilies, was taken from him. His only living son is the Duc de Guise, a youth of sixteen.

"It is not our province, happily, to touch upon the wide field of politics, or scan the future of nations and individuals; but we cannot ignore the fact that the subject of our brief sketch may be possibly called at no distant day to assist in the government of the land he loves so well. The same high qualities and distinguished talents which have won for the Duc d'Aumale a European reputation, and the respect and esteem of all brought into contact with him, will not fail him should such be the course of events. For he has been tried and not found wanting.

Fortiter malem qui patitur, idem post patitur bonum."

Our Captious Critic.



When

some twelvemonths ago I presented the reader with a slight biographical sketch of the well-known North Woolwich Infant, whose features are here strikingly portrayed, I was not in possession of the few additional facts regarding his early career which have since come to my knowledge. He is said to have been born on a Boxing Night, and he began to clown it even in his cradle. When three months old he projected a baby show in the vicinity of his birth, managing, with his characteristic acuteness, to obtain the first prize himself. He did not, however, achieve this without dispute, one of the judges contending that he was an impostor as to his age, because even at that infantile period upon little Willy's tiny upper lip and dimpled chin there were observable distinct symptoms of those remarkable moustachios and that noble imperial which at this day ornament so effectively the face of the People's Caterer. He evaded this difficulty by getting up in the dead of night and, stealthily leaving his cradle, abstracting from his father's dressing-case a razor, and shaving off the premature down. (Hence the common term *downy*, a word expressing extreme cunning and foresight.)

As a mere school-boy he still further developed the qualities of a showman. It is said that upon one occasion, having encountered a very much overgrown and very stupid boy, he arranged to exhibit him as a *giant*, charging a penny for admission, lecturing on it himself, and paying his "star" in tarts and toffy.

Upon such trifling foundations were built those catering faculties which have extended themselves in so many directions with such success. I could enumerate other and equally veracious details of the early life of this great personage; but my present business is to say a little about his latest pantomime at the Surrey Theatre, my intention being (with the blessing of a merciful providence) to devote a special article to each of the London pantomimes.

While at some of the houses endeavours have been made to modify the traditions of the venerable Christmas show, in the best quarters managers have made up their minds that innovation is perilous, and have gone back with a will to the good old utterly nonsensical, extravagant and rollicking sort of entertainment, which has proved sufficient to delight the juvenile mind for generations. Though, doubtless, it is highly commendable, the modern spirit of improvement, which would endeavour to make clown, pantaloons, harlequin, demons, sprites, dwarfs, and giants assume the functions of the School Board, and essay to teach great moral lessons, is not at all a far-seeing one. Where the experiment has been tried it has had merely the result of puzzling the youthful mind by its



Jack.

incongruity, and wearying the youthful soul with its tediousness. We all know what it is that makes Jack a dull boy. Therefore, I would earnestly adjure the providers of pantomime ever to avoid allowing a preaching tone to invade any portion of the fairy realm. If the schoolmaster is to be introduced, introduce him as an object of derision and obloquy, so that when Jack returns to Dr. Birch's after the holidays, he may teach his more youthful companions all those mischievous but engaging tricks by which Mr. Clown expresses his contempt for all authority, legal or moral.

The hero of the Surrey pantomime this year is Jack the Giant-Killer. His namesake of the Beanstalk had preceded him by two seasons; and, if I mistake not, it was on the occasion of the latter youth's appearance that the Surrey pantomime first became talked of as "a thing to be seen." The People's William has certainly spared no pains in endeavouring to keep up the original prestige of his Christmas venture. Without having the slightest pretensions to anything beyond the broadest pantomime, *Jack the Giant-Killer* is undoubtedly as mirthful and entertaining as a show of the kind can be.

It is an old pantomime opening again adapted by Mr. Frank W. Green, whose skill in this class of work is considerable. Especially in the matter of comic songs and choruses he is unusually smart, and seldom vulgar; and vulgarity is difficult to avoid in pantomime songs. Of course, the vocal gems of the music-hall have been freely transplanted to the Surrey. The turn which Mr. Green has given to that vulgar but popular ditty "Tommy make room for your uncle" is at once felicitous and humorous.



"Tommy take these to your
uncle"

The scenery at this theatre also has improved. I confess I am fastidious in the matter of scenery, and loth to praise any that is not super-excellent. But Mr. Moffam has done his work well, his transformation-scene being very delicately and artistically treated.

A prominent feature of the entertainment is still the frequent reappearance upon the stage of the caterer himself. He takes every opportunity of bowing his acknowledgments before the curtain and otherwise. As a popular orator William is a "man of few words," but by judiciously repeating those few words as often as possible, he manages to say quite as much in the course of an evening as a more voluminous speaker could. He is likely to have a formidable rival in Admiral von Tromp, the accomplished dwarf, whose length is said to be not greater than the "inventor's column" of the *Daily Telegraph*. 'Tis true the dwarf is a man of still fewer words, but he is a great linguist, and will return thanks in all the Continental tongues. His English is really quite intelligible, and it is most interesting to hear the little old man say in the smallest of small voices, "*Leydus end shentalmen, I think you verra much for you kind applowouse.*" Van Tromp's manners, more especially to the softer sex, are such as might be expected from one who



Van Tromp.

has been caressed by "all the crowned cads"—courteous and condescending in the extreme.

The part of Jack is played by a petite but charming actress whom I am glad to see back again upon the London stage—I mean Miss Jennie Lee. From the time of her first essays at the Strand Theatre this little lady displayed unmistakable aptitude, not only for burlesque, but for certain lines of



"When music heavenly maid
was young"
Mr. Harry Saylor as Jack's mother

comedy. Those merry Strand extravaganzas we all remember well, in one or two of which Miss Jennie Lee was one of the great though most diminutive attraction. Her perigrinations in the Far-West have made but slight alteration in her appearance. If possible, she looks smaller and more childlike. Continued practice has improved her style, and she has considerably added to her accomplishments. As Jack, she sings, dances, and acts with a prettiness and vivacity that it is impossible not to be charmed with, and it is at once surprising and pleasing to observe that she has entirely escaped the bad opéra-bouffe and worse music-hall infection to which we have of late been so accustomed on the London stage. From pantomime performances one cannot, of course, venture to judge confidently of the artistic merits of any actress, for it is altogether a rough-and-ready sort of entertainment. Nevertheless, I think Miss Jenny Lee will increase in popularity as much as she has improved in her art.

In contrast to Jack is, naturally, his mother. The low-comedy mother of pantomime is an engaging and muscular old person. Given to inebriety, she always has a bottle handy. Now in tears, now indulging in acrobatic symptoms of jubilation, she undergoes more exertion and buffeting than the clown himself does in the subsequent comic scenes. Mr. Harry



"Here's
another good
man gone
wrong!"
Frightful results of banqueting on
Aaron Jerusalem Oliver Bankard!

Taylor plays the part of Jack's mother (I don't know her proper name, as I have lost my programme), and he plays with unflagging energy and an unlimited faculty for improvising "business." Between this gentleman and Mr. Fawn (whose comic powers are so well known at the Surrey) lies the arduous task of keeping up the fun. Mr. Fawn has one of those purely pantomime parts with which he can do so much. If possible, he does more.

Miss Nelly Moon, as usual, is provided with a part the sole object of which appears to be the introduction of music-hall ditties. She is quite at home in this line of business.

The four giants whom the valiant little Jack slays are very formidable creatures, long in the legs and short in the arms. By'r lady, a parlous crew! They smell the blood of an Englishman afar off, and brandish their clubs in a most gruesome manner. Howsomever, thoroughly understand one thing, Jack kills every giant of them, and rescues their victims.

The processions, ballets, &c., are brightly dressed and well arranged.

The gorgeous Hebrew, in evening dress with diamond studs, is only a portion of the audience. He was an habitu  in the days of "Jack and the Beanstalk." Aaron Jerusalem Oliver Bunkum, as may be judged from his appearance, has suffered great persecution, and is, indeed, an injured man. His injuries do not, however, prevent him from doing his duty to society, nor from reappearing upon the scene of his ancient triumphs. With manly breast, concealed under shirt-front spotless as fresh whitewash, he patronises the drama, as was formerly his custom, grandly and liberally. This, my friend, is one of the great ornaments of British society. His manners are not inferior to his morals. He is as honest as he is elegant. So long as the drama possesses such a refined and devoted patron as this, need we be fearful of its decline? Need we listen to the cynics who would persuade us that it is no longer a resort of the virtuous? I pause for a reply.

Chess.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 79.—Correct solutions received from Whelpo, I. S. T., R. W. S., H. Gardiner, and C. S.

E. D. C., H. R. DENNE, W. S. L., MARS, and T. ARCHBUTT.—Problem No. 79 is quite correct. Is it possible that a two-move position should battle so many of our correspondents?

A. R. S.—There is certainly no mate in two moves in the position you have sent. Are you sure that the problem is correctly described?

H. AMOR.—There is apparently some error in the game referred to, as Black cannot take Bishop with Knight at the fifteenth move. But why not write to our contemporary in which the game appeared.

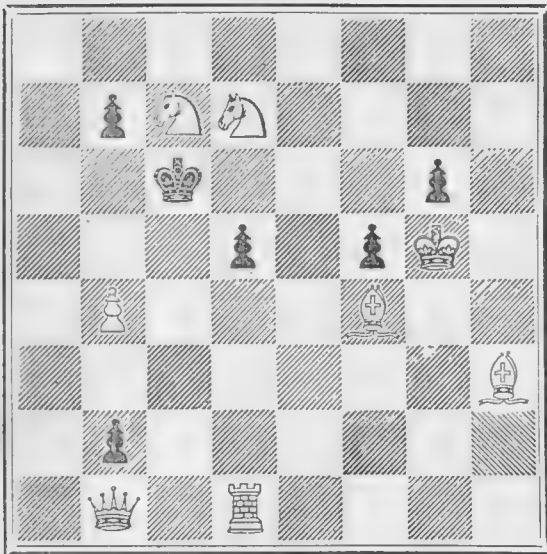
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 80.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 4 Anything 2. Q or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 81.

By Mr. J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. ZUKERTORT AND POTTER.

We give below another Game from this contest.—(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Z.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. Z.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4	P to Kt 3 (a)	16. B takes B	R takes Q
2. P to Q 4	B to Kt 2	17. P takes R	Kt to Kt 3
3. Kt to KB 3	P to Q 3	18. Q R to Q sq	P to Q Kt 4
4. P to K 3	P to KB 4	19. B to K 6	P to Q Kt 5
5. B to K 2	P to Q B 3	20. B takes Kt (ch)	B takes B
6. Castles	Q to Q B 2 (b)	21. Kt takes P	Castles
7. Kt to Q B 3	P to K 4	22. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
8. P to K 4 (c)	Kt to K 2	23. B takes P	Q to Q R 5
9. Q P takes P	Q P takes P	24. R to Q 4	Q takes R P
10. P to Q B 5 (d)	P to K R 3	25. R to Q Kt 4	B to K 3
11. B to Q B 4	Kt to Q 2	26. Kt to K 7 (ch)	K to Q 2
12. Q to Q 6	P to Q R 4	27. R to Kt 7 (ch)	K takes P
13. P takes P	P takes P	28. B to K 5 (ch)	K to B 4
14. R to K sq	R to KB sq	29. R to Q B sq (ch)	B to B 5
15. B takes P (e)	R to KB 3	30. P to Q Kt 4. Mate.	

NOTES.

(a) We cannot understand the adoption of this cramping defence in an important match.

(b) Preparatory to advancing the King's Pawn.

(c) An excellent reply.

(d) This is also in the right style. Black cannot now Castle on account of

11. B to B 4 (ch), followed by 12. Kt to Kt 5.

(e) The commencement of a brilliant combination, which gives White the game. The concluding moves are beautifully played by Mr. Zukertort.

BELLINI has not yet a monument in Italy. A Neapolitan named Florino has opened a subscription to repair that omission, heading it with a sum of 1000f.

THE COMING CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION in the United States is giving rise to plenty of "big" projects in the way of sport. The leading amateur oarsmen of this country are to be challenged to take part in an international regatta. Rifle men are also to be tempted to cross the Atlantic. With regard to "Our American Cousins" themselves, walking would seem to be their forte. We read in a Chicago journal that Mr. Daniel O'Leary, in reply to the challenge of Mr. Markham B. Stokes, of New York, to walk him 500 miles for a purse of 5000 dols, says that he will accommodate that gentleman on his complying with certain conditions.

ROWLANDS' EUKONIA is a new and fragrant powder for the face and skin, and is specially recommended to ladies; 3s. per box. Rowlands' Odonto whitens the teeth and prevents their decay. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair. Sold by all chemists, perfumers, and hairdressers.—[Advrt.]

Whist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

The following hand has been forwarded to us by a correspondent as having recently occurred in actual play. It is certainly a noteworthy example "how not to do it," and furnishes an edifying illustration of the danger of playing false cards. A and B hold all the four honours, and every court card in the pack except the Ace of Diamonds, and yet they lose the odd trick.

The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (see) denotes the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

THE HANDS.

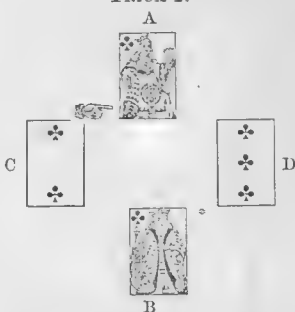
A's HAND.		D's HAND.	
Hearts	—Ace, 8, 6.	Hearts	—9, 3.
Diamonds	—King, Queen, Knave, 3.	Diamonds	—10, 7, 5, 2.
Spades	—Ace, Queen, 4, 3.	Spades	—9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 2.
Clubs	—Queen, Knave.	Clubs	—3.

C's HAND.		B's HAND.	
Hearts	—7, 6, 4, 2.	Hearts	—King, Queen, Knave, 10.
Diamonds	—Ace.	Diamonds	—9, 8, 6, 4.
Spades	—10.	Spades	—King, Knave.
Clubs	—10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2.	Clubs	—Ace, King, 9.

Score—4 all.

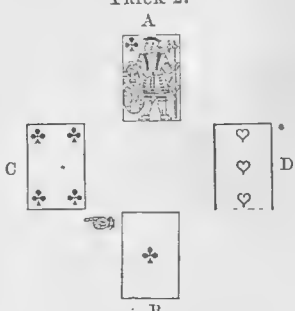
B turns up the Knave of Hearts.

TRICK 1.



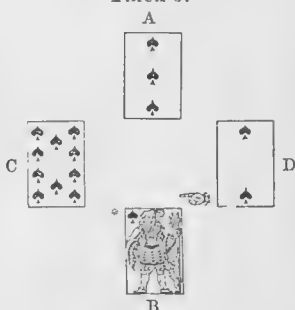
This is an excellent example of the utter ruin which not unfrequently attends the play of a false card. B, holding Queen and Knave of Clubs, and thinking them of equal value, carelessly puts on the Queen, thereby deceiving his partner, and consequently losing the game, though between them they hold every court card but one in the pack.

TRICK 2.

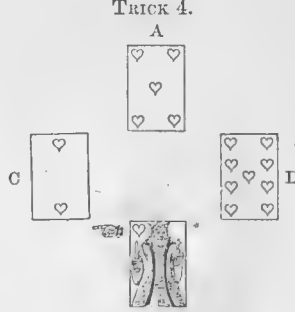


B having dropped the Queen in the previous round, A, having three honours to four trumps, naturally continues the Clubs in the hope of forcing his partner. On the fall of the Knave in this trick A, of course, assumes that his partner has called for trumps.

TRICK 3.

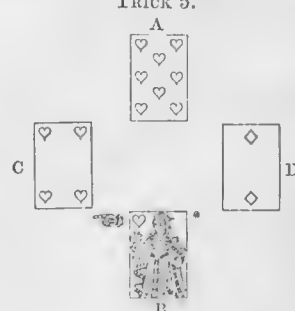


TRICK 4.

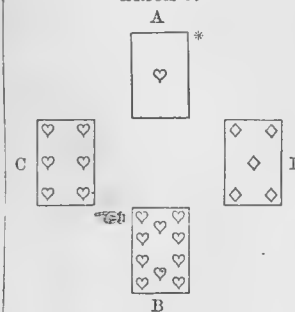


A leads trumps in obedience to his partner's assumed "Blue Peter." (See Tricks 1 and 2.)

TRICK 5.

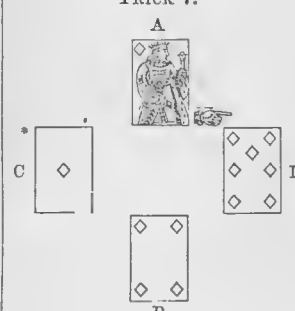


TRICK 6.

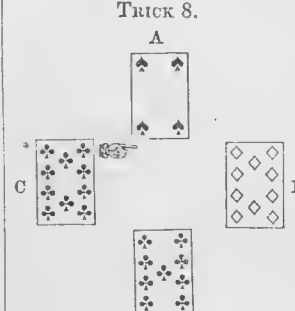


The policy of this third round of trumps is perhaps doubtful, D having played void at the last trick.

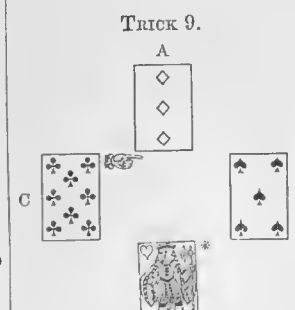
TRICK 7.



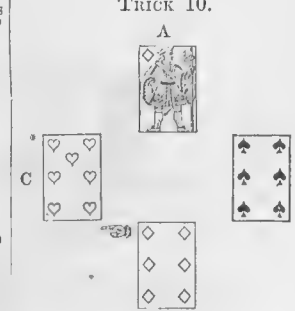
TRICK 8.



TRICK 9.



TRICK 10.



Tricks 11, 12, and 13: C leads the three long Clubs, and wins the odd trick and game.

MR. IRVING'S ACTION FOR LIBEL AGAINST "FUN."

We quoted last week the letter addressed "To a Fashionable Tragedian," the appearance of which in *Fun* led to Mr. Irving's bringing an action against the printer of *Fun*, Mr. James Judd. On the third hearing of the case, before Sir Robert Carden at the Guildhall Police Court, on Friday, Dec. 31, the names of Mr. Sims (the writer of the letter) and of Mr. Henry Sampson (editor of *Fun*) were included in the summons, and the name of Mr. Judd was subsequently withdrawn altogether. Mr. Sampson deposed that he had sent on the article in question, after revising it, to be printed in *Fun*, and Mr. Sims said he had journeyed to town from Cornwall to declare himself the author of the letter directly he heard of the action. Mr. Toole, on being examined, pronounced in emphatic terms against the whole tone of the letter. Witness the following passages of arms between him and Mr. Macrae Moir, counsel for the defendants:—

Mr. Moir: Just begin (looking at his own copy)—Yes; we will go together. "I read with regret that it is your intention as soon as the present failure at your house can with dignity be withdrawn."—Pardon me, I think that is most offensive.

It may be offensive, but it is not libellous.—It is grossly untrue. All I know is that *Macbeth* was a very great success. You have read the passage, I have commented on it, and I have done.

But if you take the other parts as not expressing the natural meaning you should say what is the meaning of this seriously?—I think that is the meaning seriously. I cannot see any fun in it.

Anyhow, whether rightly or wrongly, there has been an opinion that *Macbeth* has not been such a tremendous success as *Hamlet*?—It has not run the same number of nights. *Hamlet* was one of the greatest successes ever known. *Macbeth* has not run so long, but it was a success.

That is a matter of opinion.—It is my opinion.

Well, the article says: "I read with regret that it is your intention, as soon as the present failure at your house can be with dignity withdrawn, to startle Shakspearean scholars and the public with your conception of the character of Othello. In the name of that humanity to which, in spite of your transcendent abilities, you cannot avoid belonging, I beseech you, for the sake of order and morality, to abandon the idea." That is, to abandon the idea?—Of playing Othello. It has been admitted for nearly 300 years to be a very admirable play.

No doubt. Nobody has performed tragedies with such effect as Mr. Irving; and is not this the idea which runs through the whole of this article, an earnest entreaty to Mr. Irving to take another line of characters?—Not to play Othello.

Not merely not to play Othello, but not to play tragedies—those things in which there are murders?—Yes, I know them. If it is suggested to Mr. Irving not to play in tragedy I think it is most impertinent and of the worst taste.

Sir R. Carden: Perhaps it is quite out of Mr. Toole's line. No one ever shed a tear who saw Mr. Toole.

Mr. Toole: I am sorry to hear that.

After the examination of Mr. Toole, Mr. Sampson and Mr. Sims were remanded, being admitted to bail in two sureties of £100 each and themselves in £200 each.

The defendants were again brought before Sir Robert Carden last Monday morning. Mr. Lewis again appeared for Mr. Irving, Mr. Beard (in the absence of Mr. Besley) for Mr. Sims, and Mr. Macrae Moir for Mr. Sampson. The *Standard* says:—"The court was crowded, as at each previous sitting; and the audience, from the applause with which they greeted the entrance of Mr. Irving, who probably were drawn from theatrical sources, were labouring under the delusion that they were in a theatre, instead of listening to a criminal charge in a court of justice."

Mr. Beard, on behalf of Mr. Sims, said in exculpation of his client that he sincerely regretted the pain and annoyance he had caused Mr. Irving. Mr. Moir said the same on behalf of Mr. Sampson. Whereupon Mr. Lewis delivered a reply, to the effect that Mr. Irving did not institute the prosecution until he had been provoked by the insertion of a series of articles in *Fun*, which extended over a considerable period, for which Mr. Sampson, as editor of the paper, was clearly responsible. Mr. Lewis said he must, therefore, ask that the defendants should be committed for trial. A discussion then ensued between the rival counsel. Mr. George Maddick gave some evidence on behalf of the prosecution. Mr. Boucicault was called on behalf of Mr. Irving, the evidence of Mr. Toole and of Mr. Irving himself was read over, and then Mr. Sims and Mr. Sampson personally apologised for having written and published the libel, and

Mr. Lewis said—"Mr. Irving, having heard from the lips of each of the defendants their expression of extreme regret at the conduct of which they have been guilty in the publication of this paragraph, has instructed me now not to ask you to send this case for trial (Loud applause). Mr. Irving having performed his duty to society, and having done what he thinks is necessary for the protection of the interests of his profession, accepts these apologies. I have now to ask you, on behalf of the defendants, that they may be discharged. I have only this further remark to make, that, whilst Mr. Irving, and probably every member of his profession, invites honest and fair criticism, yet, on the other hand, it can never be permitted in this country that an attempt, even under the misguided feeling of the two defendants, should be made which might have for its result the injuring of the reputation of a man who in no way deserves it. The article was in no way honest, and it was in no way an attempt at criticism. Whatever may have been the object of the two defendants, it was a publication which it was perfectly impossible for Mr. Irving, having regard to his own self-esteem and his duty to society, to pass by unnoticed. With reference to the observations which the two defendants have made in the article upon the press of this country, it was probably prompted by the fact that both of them were such insignificant members of that body that they published the article and the allusions contained therein, which they now admit were in themselves positively disgraceful."

Sir Robert Carden: "It gives me great pleasure to conform to your wishes, for I always feel great satisfaction in reconciling friends after the amende honorable has been made. I am only surprised that it did not come before. Having come, however, I thought that the good sense of Mr. Irving, before the case concluded, would prompt him to consult with his solicitor as to whether or not his honour had been vindicated. There is no doubt the law of libel is very extensive, and the liberty of the press frequently induces actions of which one is almost ashamed. Between what is libel and what is not is a very close point. In this case there is no doubt that in the result it will do Mr. Irving good, and we cannot, therefore say that Mr. Irving's character has been at all injured. I think the public are indebted to Mr. Irving for bringing the charge forward, and there is great credit due to him for withdrawing from the prosecution. I have great pleasure, Mr. Sims and Mr. Sampson, in discharging you, and I only hope it will be a caution to you in your future writings."

THE CURRACHMORE HUNT STEEPLECHASES will come off on March 28 and 29.

MEN AND BIRDS.—AN AUTHENTIC TALE.

We quote the following interesting letter from the *Spectator*, and shall be glad to receive from our readers any similar experiences with which they may be acquainted:—

"Sir,—Some little time ago I read with pleasure in the columns of the *Times* a letter from the pen of Mr. Morris, affording interesting information on the affection and social habits of birds—such as the kingfisher, the golden-crested wren, and the wood-pigeon. I, too, have a tale to tell of the sparrow, which, perhaps, you will favour me by inserting in your valuable paper, as an additional evidence of the instinct and attachment of birds. My sparrow's love continued unbroken for years, and this is the unvarnished history of the little affectionate creature.

"The rectory of Christ Church in the island of Barbados, West Indies, where I resided, is prettily situated amidst trees, on a hill overlooking a fishing village, where the waters of the sea, on a clear summer day, are of all colours of green, and where the tropical heat is softened down by a constant land breeze. This is just the abode suited to birds, and consequently the neighbourhood abounds in sparrows. Being alone at the time, many of the sparrows soon struck up an acquaintance with me, and were among the first to make their appearance in the most unceremonious manner at the breakfast-table. One of them, however, more familiar than the rest, seemed determined that I should adopt it as a pet. By degrees I induced it to pick bread-crumbs out of my hand. Our acquaintance gradually matured into unsuspecting friendship, and ended at last in positive love, as the sequel will show.

"Lengthened time rolled on, and every day the sparrow was my constant companion. If I was in my study, it was there. If I was reading in the drawing-room, it was perched on the tip of my boot. If I did not rise by daylight, it would come in at the window, left open purposely for its convenience, and flutter upon my body, begging, as it were, that I would attend to its early wants. And more than this. I missed the bird for a while, and grieved, thinking that it had fallen a prey to some voracious cat or to the gunshot of some wayfaring traveller. Every day I went to the accustomed window and called it by name (for I had given it the name of 'Dick'), but no Dick appeared. I persevered, however, in loudly calling for it, as it knew my voice well; and after an absence of some weeks I one morning observed three sparrows flying directly towards me. I held out my hand as usual, and they alighted on the palm of it. To my agreeable surprise, there was Mr. or Mrs. Dick (I know not which), with two well-fledged olive-branches, which were handed over to me for adoption. This is not all. Mrs. Dick—for from her affection I shall assume it was the mother-bird—resolved to build her nest another time nearer home, and repeatedly came to me with a straw in her beak, evidently hoping that I would be her assistant-architect. Finding that I declined the task, she selected a rose-tree, which I could easily touch from my bedroom window, and, there entwining three of the tallest branches, she built (as birds only can build) a beautiful nest. From this time she continued to commit her fledglings, as a matter of course, to my care.

"But here comes the climax. The time drew near for me to leave the West and to join my family in England, where I am now. It seemed as if my sparrow, by instinct, amounting almost to reason, suspected my movements. Perhaps there was something lonely and strange in the appearance of the rectory, the greater portion of the furniture having been removed; but, be it what it may, Mrs. Dick, although she lived unfettered in the trees, and had the range of the atmosphere, would scarce quit my presence, and *mirabile dictu*, on returning home one moonlight night, I found the loving bird sleeping like a peaceful infant on my pillow. I could scarce believe my own eyes, but so it was. On approaching to see if it was really a sparrow, it flew upon the top of the wardrobe, and there it remained all night.

"The character of Mrs. Dick was well known, and numerous visitors (among whom I may mention the name of Bishop Mitchinson) often witnessed the influence I had over the sparrow tribe, especially over the one that appeared to sorrow most of all at my departure. I won them by gentleness and kindness, and my reward was ample.

"What a moral for man! What an example for the cultivation of domestic love and affection do we find in these tiny creatures of the feathered race, not one of which falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father! It is time however, to draw my narrative to a close, and wondering if my petted sparrow is yet alive, I am, Sir, &c.,

F. B. GRANT."

"33, St. Peter's-square, Hammersmith."

DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD.—We regret to have to announce the death of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, who expired at Southampton last Tuesday morning. The deceased Baronet—who was head of the eminent banking firm of Messrs. Rothschild and Co.—was well known in racing circles, having adopted the colours of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild. It was about a year after the Baron's decease that the familiar "dark blue, and yellow cap" were first again seen on Doncaster race-course, where they were successfully carried by Carnelion, who, with Coomassie and Pedometer, had been bought by Sir Anthony at the sale of the Mentmore stud. The heir presumptive to the baronetcy is Nathaniel Meyer de Rothschild, M.P. for Aylesbury.

MR. T. WARD, of Launde House, near York, has named his 2-yr old filly by Speculum, out of Consequence, by Bay Middleton, "Moorlands Beauty."

"THE DECLINE AND FALL OF A ROMAN THEATRE," as Mr. Silas Wegg would have put it, has to be recorded with regret. The season of the Argentine Theatre at Rome terminated by a scandal. On the evening of closing, *Macbeth* was represented and the ballet of "Brahma." Before the commencement of the piece the chorus threatened that they would not sing a note unless they were paid at once; the difficulty was, of course, overcome; but whilst *Macbeth* was being performed the corps de ballet and their aids presented themselves at the cashier's department and made a similar application. No sooner was this settled than the gas company put in a claim before the ballet was commenced, and their threat to shed no light on the scene unless their demand was settled admitted of no compromise. Finally, as if to crown the series of incidents, the distribution of salaries appeared to have corrupted musicians, actors, and danseuses alike, for "Brahma" was very badly performed.

TITLES OF THE NEW PEERS.—The *Times* believes that the titles chosen by the newly-created peers, and of those promoted to a higher grade in the Peerage, may now be regarded as finally settled. The Duke of Richmond, in addition to receiving the revived title of Duke of Gordon, will be created Earl of Kinrara, in the county of Inverness; the Earl of Abergavenny will become Marquis of Abergavenny, and also Earl of Lewes, which honour he will bear as his second title instead of that of Lord Nevill; Lord Wharmcliffe will become Earl of Wharmcliffe, his second title being Viscount Carlton (not Carleton, as stated by our contemporaries), of Carlton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. Henry Gerard Sturt takes the title of Lord Allington, of Criche, Dorsetshire, that peerage being an honour borne formerly by one of his ancestors in the female line; Mr. John Tollemache, of Helmingham Hall, Suffolk, and of Peckforton Castle, Cheshire, becomes Lord Tollemache of Helmingham; Mr. John Ralph Ormsby-Gore, of Brogyntyn, near Oswestry, becomes, not Lord Hurlock or Harlock, as stated by our contemporaries, but Lord Harlech, of Harlech, in the county of Merioneth; while Sir Robert T. Gerard chooses, as was expected, the title of Lord Gerard, of Bryn, in the county palatine of Lancaster. At present Sir Robert's name stands third on the roll of Barons of England, the titles of Bacon and De Houghton alone taking precedence.

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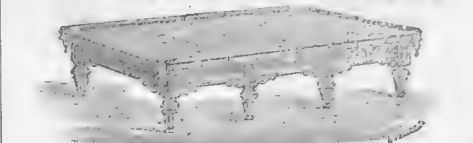
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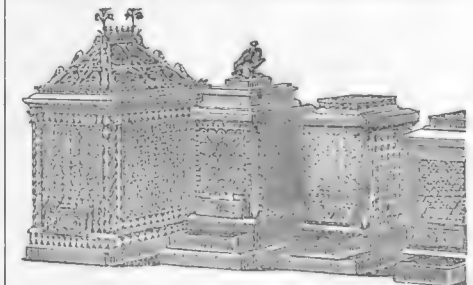
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GREYHOUNDS.—Important Sale.—On SATURDAY, JAN. 22, 1876, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, FIFTY valuable RUNNING DOGS and promising SAPLINGS, from the following well-known Kennels:—R. B. Carruthers, Dumfries; S. J. Binning, Carlisle; M. Henderson, Scaforth, Liverpool; G. Carruthers, Gale Hall, Penrith.

Catalogues and further particulars in due course.

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GREYHOUNDS.—On SATURDAY, JAN. 15, 1876, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, at 1 o'clock, the property of J. Woolf, Esq., and other Sporting Gentlemen, FIFTY-FIVE valuable GREYHOUNDS, including SAPLINGS from Reigning Monarch—Medal, Oscar—Placid, Bethel—Bessie, by Rocket, Countryman—Phantom Lass, Bethel—Beatrice, Bredalbane—Mistake II., Crossfell—Cousin Fan, Bethel—Country Lass, Sandridge—Castilion, &c. Also, by order of the Executors of the late F. M. Patrick, Esq., SAPLINGS and PUPPIES, by Paul Jones—Zoo, Buccaneer—Covetous, the stud dog Paul Jones, and brood bitch Zoo.—On view at Aldridge's on Friday, Jan. 14, and morning of sale.

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1876.

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JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate), by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tencos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom).

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Franticus, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 6s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2½ high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern.

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1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

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COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

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Apply to W. T. SHARPE, Esq., Baumber Park, Horn-castle.

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All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

SPECULUM. A limited number of

Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

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PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare.

MUSKET, at 40gs a Mare.

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Apply to Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe as above.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham.

Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs.

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At Neasham Hall Stud Farm, near Darlington, **PALMER**, THE (brother to Rosicrucian), by Beadsman out of Madame Eglen-tine, by Cowl (by Bay Middleton out of Crucifix), grandam, Diversion, by Defence; thirty public mares at 25gs each, and one guinea the groom.

Foaling mares at 25s., barren at 18s. per week.

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At Tile House Farm, near Elstree, Herts, **WARREN POINT**, a bay horse, 16 hands 1½ high, with great power and fine action, by Cambeuse out of Amorous, by Ambrose, her dam Tisiphone, by Gladiator—Toga, by Sultan.

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AMERICAN SCENERY.

With the Yosemite Valley, the Falls of Niagara, and the grandeur of American scenery generally, thousands of Englishmen who have never yet crossed the Atlantic will doubtless make themselves familiar on the occasion of their visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Wherefore the series of American views we commence this week may not be unacceptable.

Following the usual route of tourists from Lynchburgh to the Natural Bridge, the spot is reached on the Upper James which has been so beautifully depicted in our illustration. This scene is near a place known as Rope Ferry, where the canal crosses the James River. An actual rope ferry is not now in use, the boats, as a general thing, being poled across

the river. The canal divides immediately at the foot of the Blue Ridge, a section of it extending up the North River, while another follows the banks of the James, near to the mouth of Cedar Creek, which is within two miles of the Natural Bridge. All mountains, when seen in the distance, are blue, but the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, some of which are shown in the picture, possess a depth, a variety, and a wealth of different shades of blue that are strikingly peculiar, so much so that the colour has given them their name. The late Edward A. Pollard, in his book called the "Virginia Tourist," says:—"It is a blue of infinite richness, of a strange misty depth that baffles analysis, and as variable as the sunset sky that joins with it. Now mist-gilded, again light as the heaven's arch, again purplish, again indescribable as a mixture of blue

and red, and all these phenomena taking place, perhaps, in half-an-hour's span of the sun—the garments of the mountain change, swift as the weaver's shuttle that makes them in the light woven of earth and sky."

THE PRIX DU JOCKEY CLUB (French Derby) will this year be run on Sunday, May 28.

ROYAL AQUARIUM AND SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY.—The executive committee of this society have been informed that the Duchess of Edinburgh is unavoidably prevented from attending the opening ceremony on the 22nd inst. The Duke of Edinburgh has, however, expressed his intention of taking her Royal and Imperial Highness's place on the occasion.



VIEWS OF AMERICAN SCENERY, NO. 1:—JAMES RIVER, ABOVE ROPE FERRY, VIRGINIA.

"THE BROKEN LYRE."

BY M. CHAPLIN.

PURITY, grace, youth, and loveliness are combined with so skilful, albeit tender a touch in M. Chaplin's poetical picture of "La Lyre Brisée" that we at once accept it as the idealisation of some dreamland heroine who may have quickened our pulses and made our hearts throb in the "long-ago," or as a fair creation given birth to by the fancy of Goethe or Byron. Chaster than Ety, "La Lyre Brisée" of M. Chaplin is a picture that does honour to French art, and may be offered as an example of the purity of treatment that may be sometimes met with even in the French Salon.

NEW YORK GOSSIP.

MR. FLORENCE has ended his engagement at the Park Theatre, and *The Mighty Dollar* will be taken to other cities, writes a New York correspondent. Mr. Oakley Hall makes his promised appearance in *Crucible*.

MR. MAURICE GRAU was to terminate, on Dec. 31, his relations

with the Lyceum Theatre. The co-partnership of Messrs. Grau and Chizzola ceases. French representations are, we believe, to continue till the end of the year.

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, on a scale of unusual magnificence, was to be produced at the Olympic Theatre, New York, under the title of *Nimble Nip*. The Army and Navy will be represented by eighty women, in fitting garments and exercises.

MR. VANDENHOFF reappears, after a considerable time of absence, at Chickering Hall, New York, and gives reminiscences of the stage, gossip of the green-room, anecdotes, reflections on the dramatic art, imitations of the players of the past, and recitations from dramatic literature.

MR. NEUENDORFF has begun his second series of representations of German opera at the New York Academy of Music with *Lohengrin*. The *Lohengrin* of Mr. Wachtel presents many excellent points. As Elsa Mrs. Wagner sang well. Mrs. Clara Perl made a good impression in the trying part of Ortrud, and was fairly seconded by the Telramund of Mr. Gunsburger. Mr. Fassbender, however, was a bad King, and Mr. William Formes was not an interesting copy of the Herald.

DR. VON BULOW is in Pittsburg, and Mr. Barry Sullivan in New Orleans.

THE French opéra-bouffe troupe headed by Madame Geoffrey is in New Orleans.

MISS KELLOGG's appearance in *Mignon*, at De Bar's Theatre in St. Louis, was greeted by an overflowing audience.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH is at the Walnut-street Theatre, in Philadelphia, and Mr. George Fawcett Rowe at the Arch-street House.

"IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE ARMY!"—Lieutenant John Power, of the 16th Regiment, stationed at Chatham, was, on Tuesday last, committed for trial on a charge of inflicting bodily harm on Mr. Ward, a Dover magistrate. The parties travelled together from London to Chatham in a first-class carriage, and the complainant, being gouty, took off his boots, exposing his stockinged feet. Lieutenant Power remonstrated with him in insulting terms for taking off his boots before a lady, and subsequently assaulted him, inflicting serious injury.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 193, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 193, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 193, Strand.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

THE announcement that the Grand Prix de Paris for the year 1877 has secured 342 subscribers is rather a staggering fact for English racing optimists, who have hitherto fondly dreamed that nothing could arise of greater value and importance than the Derbys and St. Legers of their own country. It may be hardly fair, perhaps, to institute a comparison between these national races; because at Epsom and Doncaster owners of horses merely compete for their own money, and no such bonus is added by the authorities at either of the above centres of sport as that which attracts our three-year-old cracks across the water in the interval between Epsom and Ascot. The very fact of the great Parisian meeting being held at that busy time of year when there are plenty of rich stakes to be looked after at home might be deemed prejudicial to the interests of the race; but, so far from this being the case, we find it increasing in popularity, and drawing all people and kindreds together for its celebration. The French have proved clearly enough that they can well hold their own against us for the national prize; and, so far from the £4000 added money being year by year a gigantic benefit for John Bull, many of our most notable champions have met with sore discomfiture at the hands of the rivals in *la belle France*; and the frog needs not to burst his sides with envy at the spectacle of perfidious Albion recrossing the silver streak with a cargo of gold. We have, of course, always the "sea-voyage," or a "severe race for the Derby" as salves wherewith to anoint our wounded consciences; but the old saying, *qui s'excuse s'accuse*, still holds good, and though we hear plenty of lamentations over repeated defeats in the Bois de Boulogne, we fancy that since Gladiateur's year growlers have pretty well decided to accept the situation, and to look as cheerful as things will permit.

Our object, however, is not so much to discuss the position and prospects of the Grand Prix de Paris as to call attention to one of the sources from which its endowment is derived, with a view of submitting to our readers some such similar scheme for the augmentation of our racing revenue in England. The truth of the maxim *fas est et ab hoste doceri*, has long since been acknowledged and acted

upon; so that we need not be ashamed of pressing into our service at home such means as have enabled France to become a daring pioneer instead of a humble follower in the game of racing. The conditions of the race state that half the princely sum of £4000 is "given by the Five Great Railway Companies of France;" and it is upon this statement that we would found an argument in favour of similar contributions from those very flourishing concerns, the railways of England. We do occasionally, of course, hear of a hundred or two of added money being placed at the disposal of committees and clerks of courses by local lines, which may be supposed to profit by the meetings held in the neighbourhood of their respective stations. The "Railway Stakes," "Great Eastern Handicap," and "South-Western Plate" are evidence of prizes founded by certain companies in return for the patronage bestowed upon them during the "race week;" and here and there all over the country similar acknowledgments for increased traffic returns appear to be made; but we have never heard the idea mooted in this country of annual grants by the railway companies of Great Britain towards founding some one or more great races in commemoration of their liberality. A great northern and southern prize for two-year-olds would be popular and interesting; or the "grant" might take the form of supplementing such stakes as what are termed the "classic races of the year," thus bringing their amounts up to and beyond the value which any foreign nation could hope to offer.

We fancy there would be little or no difficulty in getting the various companies to co-operate, and a most handsome sum might then be guaranteed yearly to high-class meetings throughout the kingdom. Owing to the rapid growth and general spread of sport in all parts of the country, there are few lines of any importance which do not derive immense revenues from that migratory tribe, the racing community. That industrious body is ever on the wing, flitting from one centre of sport to another, mostly preferring comfort and first-class carriages, and, from travelling usages, vexing but little the souls of the companies' servants, and giving little trouble to officials. The transit of horse-boxes must help, in a marked degree, to swell the creditor side of the account, as anyone can see who witnesses the disembarkation of equine cargoes at such places as Ascot or Doncaster. Where the leaders of sport congregate, there also do the masses follow, and at several of the small country gatherings the "takings" at booking-offices must vastly exceed those of the grand stand, which is only affected by county families, in addition to the general body of backers and bookmakers. Some enterprising managers, too, not unwise in their generation, take advantage of a monopoly to put on the screw and raise prices, so as to further enrich their coffers, and even the most liberal of lines cannot resist the temptation of sharing with extortionate landlords and tradesmen the spoils of the "racing division." The South-Western Railway, at present the only direct approach to Ascot, with its double fares and "no particular class of carriage guaranteed," must be longing to get rid of some of its superfluous guineas and to found some race for the Ascot Wednesday which should cast into the shade the ancient glories of its "Stakes" and take rank with those named after Royalty and the famous "Gold Cup" itself.

Without incurring the imputation of invidiousness by pausing to particularise the "great" railway companies of these islands, the project might be mooted among all lines of railway in the kingdom, so that the contribution of each to raise a sum, say of £5000, would be insignificant, and not possessed of such importance as to bring indignant shareholders upon their legs at general meetings. The prizes should be few and substantial, and confined to the great meetings of the year, by which all lines in the country may be said to be benefited in an almost equal degree; or the lump sum might, if preferred, be devoted to initiating some such race as the Grand Prize of Paris, to be competed for during one of the autumn meetings at Newmarket. To whatever object the money be devoted, which may well be an after consideration, we think the idea (a borrowed one, it is true) worthy of consideration among our patrons of the turf, being a source of revenue hitherto unbroached, and likely to find favour in the eyes of the sporting world in general. We neither expect nor wish for any grant from the State, which might vary under different Governments, and become the cause of innumerable and unseemly broils in the House of Commons. On the contrary, an application to the railways for support is perfectly reasonable and legitimate, and the money, if voted, will be well and wisely spent, for more people "go racing" every year, and a big event sets all the country by the ears, leading to crowded stations and heavy trains. As a body, proprietors would probably see things in the same light and cheerfully vote supplies, with the knowledge that while a compliment was paid a benefit was received; and next to a State recognition of sport (which we deem not only hopeless but impracticable) the enlistment of such gigantic mercantile interests as those held by the railway companies on the side of racing would tend to elevate as well as to benefit.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S.

SOME good prices were realised at Messrs. Tattersall's first sale of the New Year at Albert-gate on Monday:—

YEARLINGS, THE PROPERTY OF MR. BLENKIRON.	Gs.
B f (foaled April 7), by Rosicrucian—Pandore	Mr. Champneys 290
B f (foaled June 9), by Rosicrucian—Bas Bleu	Mr. Lee 820
Ch f (foaled March 9), by Parmesan—Hill	Mr. John Nightingall 800
B f (foaled March 1), by Parmesan—Lady of the Forest	Mr. John Nightingall 500

HORSES IN TRAINING, THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. SMITH.	Gs.
Dalham, br c, 5 yrs, by Cathedral—Gertrude	Mr. R. Peck 1000
Asotie, b c, 5 yrs, by Hermit—Lady Alicia	Mr. Thornhill 300

MISCELLANEOUS.	Gs.
Jorrocks, b g, 7 yrs, by Commotion—Miss Harkaway	Mr. Constable 25
Bosobel, br g, 5 yrs, by Cather—Maybell	Mr. Schreiber 36
Disguise, ch m (foaled 1868), by Thormanby—Masquerade	Mr. Lant 62
Marquis Town-hend, br h, 5 yrs, by Beadsman—Antonia	Mr. Finney 60
Lord Colney, ch h, aged, by Cathedral—Violet	Mr. H. Hobson 50
Westland, blk h, aged, by Narbonne—Miss Adelaide	Mr. Constable 25

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 423, Oxford-street, London.—[Adv't.]

THE PAST RACING SEASON IN IRELAND.

BY OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

AT no period of the twelve months can our advancement or retrogression in racing be so easily learned than after the fall of the race curtain and when the newly-bound *Calendar* lies upon our tables alongside the family album. Then it is readily ascertained how matters stand when compared with former seasons. The Irish racing season, which was brought to a close a short time since at Old Rock, was inaugurated upon Jan. 25 by the meeting of the Kildare Hunt over the Halverstown course—a track oftener used as a trial-ground than otherwise. But in this article it is not my intention to deal with the several departments of racing in Ireland, but to confine myself to a look at the youngsters and to record briefly what they did during the season. For the information of those of the readers of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS who are not intimately acquainted with the extent of the national pastime in this country, it may not be inopportune here to remark that for every race upon the flat there are fully a dozen over the country. Steeplechasing is the particular branch of racing to which Irishmen devote themselves most ardently, and not only is the jumping business patronised by owners, but the public have since the days of yore always declared their attachment to it. Not long ago our flat racing showed an alarming decay, but Lord Drogheda and a few aristocratic sportsmen came in good time to its rescue, and to-day, perhaps, the position of this section of the Irish turf is as forward as it has ever been. For years before the "heat days," the Curragh was the recognised Newmarket of Ireland, and to this hour its splendid plains, upon which are some excellent gallops, are fully availed of by Irish owners. There are some large stables at the Curragh, and those kept by Tom Connolly, Ben Battles, trainer, and James Monahan, the trainer of Clonave, will winter the largest number of flat racers. Straw Hall, owned by Joseph French, had an immense number of animals within its walls during the season; but this trainer's most extensive patrons having recently retired from the sport, their racers, after they had been publicly sold at Sewell's, became scattered through smaller stables. The principal supporters of flat racing in Ireland are—Mr. W. J. Denison, the Marquis of Drogheda, Mr. Wm. Brophy, "Mr. Delamere," Mr. J. A. Cassidy, Mr. J. C. Murphy, Mr. Livesay, and Mr. R. J. Alexander. The introduction of hurdle-racing into Ireland is of recent date, and the first contest over timber took place at head-quarters on Oct. 21, '74, and was won by the Croydon hero, Clonave. Up to that memorable afternoon no race except those on the flat had ever been witnessed at the Curragh, and whilst many of the important meetings of the season have mixed programmes, there are a large number of others which do not embrace a single item for discussion, either over hurdles or on the flat. For these reasons, then, almost any comparison between Irish racers and those of England would be unfair; for whilst Newmarket boasts its hundreds of horses in active work, the whole number of the Irish flat racers and steeplechasers were but 815 in 1873. These introductory remarks will scarcely be ruled out of place, and without further preface I will proceed to look through our two-year-old form.

We are much later in putting two-year-olds in the field than in the sister country, and this season the flowers of May had their attractions fully developed before a batch of youngsters were drawn up behind a starter's flag. The first two-year-old race decided this year was the Patriotic Stakes at the second of the metropolitan meetings (Baldoyle), when half a dozen contested the rich prize. The well-named Turquoise, by Lord Clifden out of Gem, had just proved herself a speedy mare on the Rhodoe of Chester, and, as her opponents were unknown in type, she started a very warm favourite at 65 to 40. The filly was finely ridden by poor Mike Murphy, whose death occurred a short time ago, and, quitting The Deer without much of an effort, she literally cantered home a winner by three quarters of a length. Turquoise at this time belonged to Mr. William Stawell Garnett; but at that gentleman's sale, which was held at Sewell's in the last week of September, she became Mr. W. Brophy's property at a smart figure. The success was so easily accomplished that many good judges thought the daughter of Gem would assuredly follow in the footsteps of her half sister Lady Patricia, whose two-year-old form in this country was a point or so above A 1. But the surmise ended there; and when the calendar is traced for brackets after the names of The Deer, Frederick William, Sprite, Yellow Gown and Broth of a Boy, Turquoise's opponents in her first essay on Irish soil, they are not to be found, not one of them ever having been first to catch Judge Hunter's eye. The next two-year-old contest was at the Curragh June meeting, and in the Nursery Stakes Turquoise was again victorious, though this time she was obliged to race for the fiat, and then only did The Deer a head, conceding her, however, 4lb. Of the rest, Fair Alice was smartest on paper, and beat the colt by Palmer out of Jenny Diver, who gave her a pound; but next day the truth of this race was scattered to the wind, as the letter, in C. Archer's hands, beat Turquoise after a close set to at a difference of but 1lb with the terms of the previous day's race. It was a slashing struggle up the rails from the Lord Lieutenant's Gate; and though Turquoise, who was, of course, most in demand, had the best of the positions, she appeared to tire in the last few strides. A head off the favourite was Easter Monday, and amongst the others were The Deer, Fair Alice, and Sprite. Upon the concluding day of the meeting the much-coveted Waterford Testimonial Stakes were run for, and the respectable field of eleven tried conclusions. On the first day of the Metropolitan May meeting a grandly shaped and thoroughly prepared colt by Uncas—the dam of the last Manchester Cup winner—out of Try Back, opposed Outlaw, Retribution, and Pegasus for the Trial Plate of 70 sovs over five furlongs, and, in receipt of 3st from the first-named, the colt won, after a good race with Outlaw, on whom odds of 5 to 4 were freely betted. No doubt the winner had a tremendous pull of the weights, and for the year Retribution gave him 1st 12lb, but he won so cleverly, moved so nicely, and looked such a picture that for the Testimonials he was a better favourite than Turquoise by half a point. The Jenny Diver colt, on his previous running, was backed at 4 to 1, whilst five were tendered against a colt by Lord Ronald out of Breda. The public, in intrusting the son of Uncas with most money, made no mistake, and, with Ashworth up, he got home a length in front of Turquoise without much difficulty, and the Jenny Diver colt came next; in fact, the three placed finished in exactly the same positions in which their names were recorded in the quotations. The only other two-year-old winner at this meeting was Spark, a diminutive but rarely-shaped filly by Plum Pudding out of Worry. She secured a selling plate worth half a century, the only others of her own age contending being Miss Lizzie and Yellow Gown. It might perhaps be remarked with truth that "so far so bad;" but as the season drew on the form of our youngsters improved, and by the time the back-end came round we found amongst our two-

year-olds the superior of a great Saxon crack who had crossed St. George's Channel to lay at her feet all our juveniles. A month subsequently a couple of two-year-olds travelled northward to the pleasant little meeting upon Bellewstown's big hill, at which, however, there is but one event open to youngsters. This was the Bellewstown Stakes, run for over six furlongs by Turquoise, 6st 9lb; Raby Castle (once the property of Mr. W. Nicoll), 9st 6lb; and Spark, 6st 8lb. Odds of 2 to 1 were readily laid upon the first named, who won much as she pleased, Raby separating her from Spark. Going still further in the direction of the long-looked for Pole, the maze meeting, or, to speak more accurately, the Royal Down Corporation Meeting, offered some prizes for two-year-olds, but somehow only a few of them competed. The Kilwarlin Two-Year-Old Stakes secured three runners, and, but that rumour had made backers anxious to see Lily of the Valley, the contest would doubtless have attracted little or no attention. This filly, who is built upon something of the principle of Lady Patricia, and is by Monarch of the Glen out of Pirate Queen, had come to the post with the reputation of being so great a flyer that, unknown as she was, odds of 6 to 4 were wagered on her defeating Queen of Kildare, by Kidderminster out of Hibernia, and a filly by Cape Flyaway, from Carnizette. She, however, signally failed to sustain her private reputation, and the Queen won most decisively. Next day, however, Lily of the Valley turned the tables upon the representative of Melitta Lodge, as in the Downshire Handicap Stakes, when, in receipt of 9lb, she cantered home in front of a field of three, Spark, receiving 2lb, being third; whilst her previous day's victress was second. At the Galway Meeting, held in the second week in August, there was no race exclusively for two-year-olds; but three youngsters contended in the Claddagh Plate, and finished in the first flight, Lady Palmerston (3 yrs), Birdseye (4 yrs), and Wisheart (3 yrs) all being outpaced. The winner turned up in Miss Lizzie, by Solon out of Lizzy, who here scored her only win of the season. This would not show her opponents to be possessed of much merit, though later on in the season, when Spark was more advanced, she picked up a few races rather cleverly. The Cork executive excluded a two-year-old race from their programme, so that we saw no more of the two-year-old form until the Curragh September Meeting came round. This reunion has ever been regarded with considerable interest by Irish turfites, but in an especial manner it attracts the attention of the admirer of two-year-olds. It is at this gathering that the first big two-year-old race of the year is decided, and the rich Anglesey Stakes are canvassed in racing circles for weeks before the day of running. This year the interest in the contest was not decreased by the appearance amongst the competitors of Princess Bon-Bon, by Macaroni—Fravola. This filly, belonging to Captain Bayley, and trained by P. Price, had just secured a winning bracket at the Croydon August Meeting, where she won the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate from nine others, and so much was she liked when seen stripped in the paddock that she started first favourite at 2 to 1. A grandly-shaped colt, by Parmesan out of Hetty, was also fancied by the public; but double the rate of odds quoted were offered against him. In the race nothing appeared to have a chance but the favourite, and she literally cantered in at her ease. Next day she won the Nursery with equal ease, and the Marble Hill Stakes fell to her lot later in the day. Thus it will be seen that on the first and second days of the meeting an English filly defied and defeated all our two-year-olds. In the Marble Hill Stakes, however, she had to race from Turquoise, who, after a slashing set-to, got done a neck. For the Railway Stakes (worth £545) a miserable field tried conclusions. Advance crossed the Channel to do battle for Tom Brown, and Maelstrom represented Martin, of Newmarket. There seldom, if, indeed, on any occasion, has been so strong a favourite for the Railway's as Advance was, and the public readily laid 3 to 1 on his pulling through; but Maelstrom, by Blair Athol out of Terrific, most decisively cut down the favourite, whom F. West steered. Maelstrom has some important engagements, and may not unlikely one day uphold the 'green-and-black cap of his owner in an important event. Turquoise and Frederick William were the other aspirants to Railway Stakes honours, but they never saw the conclusion of the race. "Our next merry meeting" with the youngsters was at the Metropolitan single-day meeting, at which Spark won the only two events in which those of her years took part. At the concluding meeting of the Curragh, George, who had run very indifferently during the earlier part of the year, secured the National Produce Stakes; but the company behind him was a long way on the moderate side. Still, during the three days of the meeting the reputation of our novices was upheld by the performances of Mid-night in the Nursery Handicap for two-year-olds, and of Umpire in two engagements. The former, by Jack o' Lantern out of Ellen, beat nine opponents in the handicap, and looked as if he would pay his way in the coming season; but the hero of our two-year-olds turned up in Umpire by King Tom (of whom there was recently a splendid illustration in these pages) out of Acceptance. He came upon the scene with the fall of the leaf, and displayed such high form that it has been conceded that he is to-day the most valuable two-year-old in Ireland. He made his debut in the sweepstakes for animals of his own age, and for which Princess Bon-Bon was in great force. She, however, failed to live beside Umpire, who romped home the easiest of winners. He is rarely shaped and a nice size, and boasts a symmetry that would secure him friends all over the world. Upon the succeeding day he put up a penalty in the Paget Stakes, and won in a canter by three lengths, Ixion, a good-looking colt of Lord Drogheda, being second. Besides Ixion, his Lordship will possess a useful three-year-old in Spinoza; and Frederick William, who is by no means a bad-looking colt, may do better next season, with an additional year over his head. Richelieu, who hailed from E. Martin's, at Newmarket, performed twice in Ireland during the season, and in the Beresford Stakes he was successful. Subsequently, however, he played a second part to Umpire, who in the Sweepstakes completely cleared him out, conceding him 5lb. This colt, who will doubtless go on improving, may be seen to better advantage in the ensuing season.

Speaking roundly, our Irish two-year-olds must be regarded as below the standard of excellence of former years; and but that Umpire wrested back the laurels from Princess Bon-Bon, she would have returned to England with a certificate of no mean merit. The fact that our youngsters were so frequently pitted against some of the speedy representatives of England doubtless tends to make us deprecate their achievements more than we otherwise would; but, looking at them with an eye to the future, it may be reasonably inferred that the best of them has not yet been seen. Perhaps, if our trainers commenced their preparation a little earlier than they do, it would not be unattended with advantage. Turquoise is just now slightly amiss, but Umpire, it is stated, is very well, and promises to winter to his trainer's satisfaction. Removing from the list of two-year-old performers in the Emerald Isle during the season the names of Princess Bon-Bon, Maelstrom, and Richelieu, the two latter of whom belong to an Irish turfite, we must take Umpire, the Try Back colt, Turquoise, Ixion, Frederick William, George, and Spinoza to be the pick of our stables.

Coaching.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COACHING, WITH ANECDOTES OF THE ROAD.

By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

A POPULAR writer who flourished some five and forty years ago quotes a letter from a personal friend, who boasts of the following wonderful feat of locomotion:—"I was out hunting last season, on a Monday, near Brighton, and dined with my father in Merrion-square, Dublin, at six o'clock on the following Wednesday, distance 400 miles." It was done thus—he went from Brighton in an afternoon coach that set him down in London in time for the Holyhead mail, and this mail, with the help of the steamer to cross the Channel, delivered him in Dublin at the time mentioned.

What would the writer say now, when, by leaving London at 7.15 a.m., he may dine at the table d'hôte at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin, at 7.30 p.m., with ample time to have a hot bath and change his dress before dinner was served?

The writer then proceeds to say: "In this wonder-working age few greater improvements have been made in any of the useful arts than in those applied to the system of travelling by land. Projectors and projects have multiplied with our years, and the fairy-petted princes of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' were scarcely transported from place to place with more facility or dispatch than Englishmen are in A.D. 1832. From Liverpool to Manchester, thirty-six miles, in an hour and a half! Surely Dædalus is come amongst us again."

What would the writer of the above have thought if he had lived to travel by what is termed the "Flying Dutchman," which now runs from London to Plymouth in six hours and a quarter, and which, we understand, will shortly accomplish seventy miles an hour.

To resume—or, as the gentlemanly gang under Captain Macheath say, "let us take the road" as it was at the period above mentioned. The Edinburgh mail ran the distance (400 miles) in forty hours, stoppages included. The Exeter day-coach, the Herald, performed her journey of 173 miles in twenty hours; Stevenson's Brighton "Age" kept its time to the minute; in short, from London to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Norwich, Bath, Bristol, Southampton, Oxford, Cambridge, was little more than a pleasant summer day's drive. In order to accomplish the above fast journey two important considerations were required; first, that the horses should not be overworked, and, secondly, that they should be well fed. Horses have increased greatly in price since the period we write of, and a team which would have cost 100gs in 1832 could not now be had for 250gs. The cost of coaches of the best materials varied from £140 to £160; generally speaking, they were hired from the maker at from 2½d. to 3d. per mile. From the time that the heavy coach gave way to the fast one there has been a wonderful improvement in the coachmen. The driver was formerly a man of enormous bulk, with a rubicund face, greatly addicted to strong ale, often indulging in language the reverse of Parliamentary. There are so many variations of drunkenness that it is difficult to define the state the old-fashioned coachman was too often reduced to. We hear of a man being as "drunk as a lord," of being "on," of being "muzzy," of being "cut," of being "two sheets in the wind," of having "a drop too much," of being "incapable." Perhaps of the above epithets "muzzy" would be the most appropriate, as, owing to the numerous stoppages at wayside public-houses, the coachman had a tankard to his lips almost every half hour. The fast coachmen were well-conditioned, in many instances well educated, men, who could sing a song and tell a good story to while away the time.

There was something in the nature of a stage-coachman, a whip of bygone days, that *smacked* (we mean no pun) of conscious importance. He was the elect of the road on which he travelled, the imitator of thousands. Talk of an absolute monarch, indeed! The monarch even on his own highway was but a gingerbread one to the "swell dragsman." To him Jem the ostler rushed in servile eagerness, to him Boniface showed the utmost deference, for him the landlady ever had a welcome reception, towards him the barmaid smiled and glanced in perpetual amicability, and around him the helpers crowded as to the service of a feudal lord. Survey him as he bowled along the road, fenced in coats in winter, or his button-hole decorated with a rose in summer. Listen to the untutored melody of his voice, as he directed the word of exhortation to his spanking tits—three chestnuts and a grey—and enforced his doctrine with a silver-mounted whip, the gift of some aristocratic patron of the road, and he will present a feature of social life in England which no other country possessed. Hark! already he is entering the village; the well-known horn sounds, the leaders rattle along the road, and the inhabitants rush out to bid him a hearty welcome. To some he grants a familiar nod, to others a smile of recognition, and a few only are honoured by the warmer salutation of, "Ah! how are you, old fellow? Glad to see you. Why, you are as fresh as paint." He was regarded by all as a privileged person, being possessed of the power to speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul, and, at the rate of ten miles an hour, bring the travelled husband to the partner of his sorrow and his joy. He could transport the lover to the feet of his mistress; he could convey the long-absent son to the arms of his dotting parents; he could bear the schoolboy from the scene of his tasks to his much-sought-for happy holiday home. How delightful was it to behold him on a calm summer's evening bowling through the market town, through the well-watered streets, with a crew of ragged urchins, screaming and throwing rural bouquets, culled from the hedgerows and verdant meadows, on to the box-seat! A smile is on every face on hearing the sound of the horn—all run to the door to see the coach go by; the maid-servant drops her mop in the hope of a packet from her rustic admirer; the youngster plays truant for a few seconds in the anticipation of a cake from his too-indulgent mother; the shopman quits his counter to ascertain whether a bale of goods has been consigned to him from the metropolis; the pot-boy from the public-house holds out his rabbit-skin cap as the guard dexterously throws the neighbouring squire's daily newspaper into it; the barber extends his apron for his weekly journal; and even the parson, the pedagogue, the lawyer, and the exciseman, the four most influential inhabitants of the place, doff their hats as they recognise the popular "dragsman" and his well-appointed "turn-out." With respect to his accomplishments they were usually more select than numerous. I speak of the professional coachman of a century and a half ago, and not of the more gifted ones, and amateurs who came into fashion just before the rail drove horseflesh off the road. If the language of the old whip had not the art of a Sydney Smith, it had the easy style of nature, with expletive beauties more particularly its own. On the Shakespearean principle that "discourse is heavy fasting," the coachman never changed horses at a wayside public-house or inn without fortifying his stomach with a snack. Flowing, natural, anecdotal, and occasionally witty (garnished with a few hearty national Attic anathemas) was the conversation of the driver in bygone days; while in the

science of music he was generally no mean proficient, warbling forth "Robin Adair," "The Thorn," "The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree," and other popular melodies of the day, to the delight of the outside passengers.

Having described coaching in England, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief notice of French coaching. It is now two hundred years ago that La Fontaine wrote the following lines, which began his fable "Le Coche et la Mouche":—

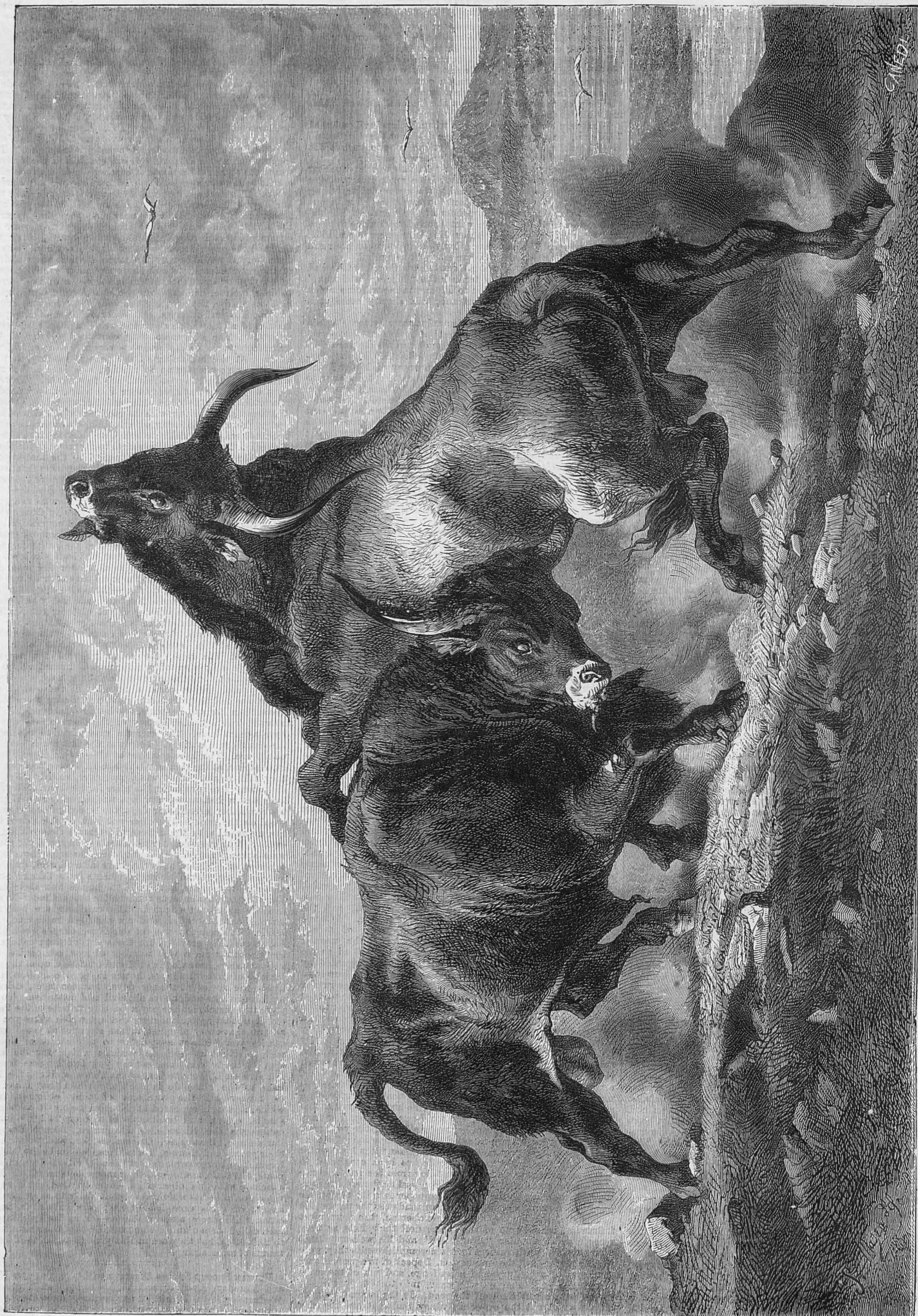
Dans un chemin, montant, sablonneux, malaisé,
Et de tous les côtés au soleil exposé,
Six forts chevaux tiraient un coche.

At that time public and private vehicles had not yet undergone any very notable improvements. When an inhabitant of Bordeaux or Maçon took his departure for Paris he made his will, leaving among other things "son corps à la diligence." Eighty years previous, in the middle of the sixteenth century, private vehicles were not very numerous, if we judge by the predicament in which Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, found himself when he wrote to Sully, "Je n'ai pu pas aller vous voir hier, ma femme ayant pris ma coche." That coche which we in England still call coach, and the driver of which has obtained the name of coacher—coachman was either coche de terre or a coche d'eau, both conveying travellers and goods. The coche d'Auxerre alone survived in France until our days. The steam-boats have sunk it, in despite of its heroic resistance. It was only in the first year of the seventeenth century that coches, or voitures, were first ornamented, and provided with leather braces; they then assumed the generic name of carrosses, derived from chars and charette. It would occupy too much space to write a history of their transformations and successive improvements, and to follow step by step the aristocratic succession of the carrosse, calèche, berline, landau, dormeuse, char-à-banc, demi-fortune, vis-à-vis, coupé, not omitting the cabriolet, phaeton, boguey, tilbury, kibitka, britchka, and other vehicles of the young fashion of all times. The public vehicles have made slower progress. The diligences long continued worthy of their grandfathers, the coches, and were very unworthy of their new name. At the beginning of the present century, in which everything now moves on so rapidly, two days and a night were still required to pass from Paris to Orleans. Travellers slept on the road at Etampes or Pithiviers, a spot rendered immortal by Perlet's admirable personification in *Le Comédien D'Etampes*; hotel living, with its good fare and bad beds, being preferred to highroad living, with its obligate accompaniment of broken-down cattle, rickety coaches, and highwaymen armed to the teeth. The diligences gave birth to the messageries, chaises, chaises de poste, and at a later period to the malles-postes, which, however, did not prevent certain provinces from enjoying a sort of progeniture of ancient coches, under the various names of voiturnes, guimbardes, carrioles, and other instruments of torture, which enabled the traveller to accomplish easily, as the saying went, "twenty leagues in fifteen days." After that the real diligences, the real messageries, attained a degree of comfort for which the public were most grateful. To frequent changes and improvement of the horses were added the comfort of the vehicle; and last, not least, the lowness of the prices. The malles-postes, destined for the more rapid conveyance of letters, and at the same time of travellers eager to get over their journey quickly—thanks to the attention of the administration—were rendered admirably adapted to the public service, the primary object of their establishment, and to the private service of those who wished for comfort in their travels. The caisse containing the despatches, the high station occupied behind by the courier-conducteur of the mail, the caisse reserved for travellers, the shape and size of which varied according to the seasons, and the comfortable seat for the passengers, deserved every praise. What could a traveller in those days, when steam was not in prospective existence, desire more than to travel from Paris to Bayonne, two hundred leagues, in fifty-six hours? The humbler history of the fiacre also deserves to have a place here. The carrosse gave birth to the fiacre in the seventeenth century. That was the first coach devoted to public use. The head-quarters of these vehicles were in Rue St. Antoine, at the sign of "L'Image St. Fiacre," whose name they still retain. They were, moreover, called "carrosses à cinq sous," five sous being the price for the hour. The fiacres long had a bad name, and not undeservedly so. Who does not remember, even in our days, the wretched equipages that stood on the rank? Who has not had, at least once in his life, a quarrel with the drivers, often more vicious than their cattle? The cabriolets for town and country, and the coucous, were scarcely superior in any respect, as many have wofully experienced. Times, however, have altered, and, during the last few years, incredible improvements have taken place, not alone in the vehicles, but also in the horses and their drivers. Transformations almost as wonderful as that of Cinderella's fairy carriage have been effected. The carriages are better constructed and suspended, and are arranged more comfortably inside. The creation, too, of one-horse coupes (broughams) has successfully provided for the wants of the public, and at the present time a vast number of new companies, under various names, have vied in skill and conferred upon the people vehicles of tasteful shapes, horses in good condition, totally unlike the rosses of former days, harness neat, drivers in uniform liveries and, above all, civil and attentive. To complete this sketch, let me pay a parting tribute to the Parisian omnibus, that accommodating carriage which takes you up at all hours, at every moment, in the street or at your door, and carries you without any delay to any street or door you wish to alight at—sociable vehicles which, for the trifling sum of thirty centimes, convey you two leagues from the Barrière de L'Etoile to that of the Trône, and from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille. Would that I had space to review all the varieties of that obliging vehicle, which, it is said, appeared at Nantes, before it invaded the streets, quays, and boulevards of the capital! Were I to enumerate the Hironnelles, Favourite, Dames Françaises, Parisiennes, Beauvais, Orleanaises, &c., and point out all their graces and charms, it would lead me on to the history of locomotion by conveyance, and the celebration of steam, steam-boats, railroads, trains, and their marvellous rapidity. Let me conclude with this observation—namely, that the number of vehicles of all sorts which were wont daily to circulate in the streets of Paris exceeded 61,000; the cabriolets, hackney coaches, diligences, and omnibuses—or, as the erudite coachman called them omnibii—amounted, out of the above, number to 20,000. What they are at this present moment I have no means of ascertaining.

ELTHAM SECOND SPRING MEETING will take place on Monday and Tuesday, April 10 and 11, instead of on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 11 and 12, as previously announced.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—*John Scott*.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 8s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Advrt.]



A NATURAL BULL-FIGHT IN SPAIN.



THE BROKEN LYRE. BY M. CHAPLIN.

THE JOURNAL OF A HUNTER FROM TATI TO THE ZAMBESI.

PART IV.

He proved to be a young boar, about three parts grown. Here was meat at last, and, there being water too, we camped forthwith on the spot; and before midnight that pig was a thing of the past, with the exception, that is, of his head (the titbit of a wild pig), which I had roasted in a hole in the ground for breakfast.

This was the turning-point of our fortunes, for we were now close under the hills, and, on resuming our course the next day, saw during the morning game of several varieties, koodoo, sable antelope, impala, &c.; but, there being also a good deal of buffalo, rhinoceros, and elephant spoor about, I reserved my fire, in the hope of coming across one of these animals, as, in my opinion, a steak off a fat buffalo cow, a bit of fried elephant heart, or, best of all, the delicious meat from the ribs of a white rhinoceros, are far preferable to that of any of the smaller antelopes, which are seldom in good condition. About midday I halted to rest under the wide-spreading branches of a large "umchebee" tree, on which grows a small fruit, which the natives collect, in some parts of the country, in great quantities for food, and of which elephants and baboons are also very fond. We had been sitting here for ten minutes or so, eating the berries, which lay thickly strewn on the ground, when one of the Kaffirs, who had climbed up the tree to take a survey of the surrounding country, suddenly put us all on the *qui vive* by giving vent to a few quickly-repeated clucks, a well-known intimation amongst hunters that game of some sort is near. In another second or two he had swung himself to the ground from the lowest branch; and, to my whispered inquiry, "What is it?" replied, "Upeyan solelee" (a black rhinoceros asleep). A few more questions elicited that the unsuspecting animal was lying in the long grass, about a hundred yards away, totally unaware of our near proximity, although we had been talking freely whilst resting. I have often heard it asserted that the flesh of the black rhinoceros is uneatable. I myself, however, am of a very different opinion; for, although I am ready to admit that it is inferior to that of the white species, I consider it (particularly at this season of the year, when the animals are in good condition) by no means to be despised; so, taking my large four-bore elephant gun, and followed closely by a Kaffir, carrying another of a similar calibre, I walked cautiously forward, under the guidance of the man who had seen the animal. Owing to the length of the grass, we were within twenty-five yards before we caught sight of him, and were then only made aware of his whereabouts by seeing the twitching of his ears. Luckily, there were no rhinoceros birds upon him, or they would have given him notice of our approach before this. As I could not obtain a shot at him in his present position, I whistled softly, when he immediately stood up, looking angrily with his wicked, twinkling, little eyes in our direction, at the same time giving vent to a vicious snort. These animals bear an evil reputation, being considered about the most dangerous in the country; so, as he held his head well raised, exposing his whole chest, I immediately fired, before he had made up his mind whether to charge or beat a retreat. At the shot, he fell to the ground as if his legs had been cut from under him, rolling right over on to his back, but soon recovered, and was in the act of raising himself when I gave him the contents of the second gun, knocking him over once more. He now lay on his side, raising his head repeatedly and dashing it violently against the ground; and previous experience told me that the sand in the hour-glass of his life had wellnigh run out. A few stabs through the lungs and heart, with the ready assegaits of the Kaffirs, finally settled him. He proved to be a bull, and in very fair condition; so, lighting a fire, we made a meal on the spot; and then, each Kaffir shouldering a good bundle of the fattest parts of the meat, resumed our march, and, reaching a large "vley" shortly before sundown, with deeply worn game-paths leading to it from all sides, I decided to camp there for the night. Having crossed a good deal of elephant spoor during the afternoon, some of which was not more than a day old, and finding, on examining the edges of the vley, that a fine troop of bulls had drunk there only the preceding night, I was in great hopes that some might again visit it under cover of the darkness. Shortly after dusk a large herd of buffaloes came down to the water on the opposite side; and a little later two huge white rhinoceroses approached from behind us, but, getting our wind, immediately halted, and, after giving vent to a snort, turned and took themselves off at their usual quick, ground-covering trot. Having plenty of meat, and not wishing to disturb any elephants that might be in the neighbourhood, I did not attempt to meddle either with them or the buffalo, which latter, having drunk their fill, were now feeding slowly away towards a thickly-wooded "goussy" belt, like a herd of cattle, the old bulls bringing up the rear. At this vley or others in its vicinity I remained for ten or twelve days, hunting through the country in all directions with no success whatever, for, though on three occasions I got the fresh spoor of elephants that had passed during the night, and followed it the livelong day till sundown, I could not overtake them. On two of these occasions I had to sleep out without my blankets, which at this season of the year is very cold work. This is just about midwinter in these latitudes, and the elephants, not being inconvenienced by the heat, do not stand much in the shade during the day, as is the case in the warmer seasons. On the other hand, we met with great quantities of buffalo, rhinoceroses of both the black and white varieties, besides all sorts of smaller game, and had no difficulty in keeping the larder well supplied with fine fat meat. But the European stomach soon gets tired of flesh alone, and I had absolutely not a grain of anything else besides, so on June 6, thinking that the waggons must already have reached Daka, I struck my camp and started for home. Early the day before I had shot a white rhinoceros cow in splendid condition and carrying a fine horn, measuring about three feet along the curve, which I preserved. She was one mass of fat, and we were occupied the greater part of the day in rendering down about a couple of buckets full, pouring it into bladders, made from the outside skin of the paunch. She was accompanied by two calves, almost full grown in point of size, though their horns were still very short. These, on seeing the old one fall, would not run away, but came up to her snorting, and I had to drive them off by throwing sticks and shouting at them. About half an hour afterwards, whilst we were still engaged in cutting up the meat, they again returned, walking up to within thirty yards and eyeing us curiously; but, on again being pelted and shouted at, they trotted off, and we saw no more of them. From their size they must have been long weaned; indeed, when I first saw them they were browsing, and the old cow had no milk, which shows, I think, that these animals are dependent on their mother for a much longer period than most animals. At last, late on the evening of June 10, I reached Daka, on the very same day as the waggons, and enjoyed, unspeakably, a hearty supper shared with pleasant, jovial companions, of which bread and rice formed an important and well-appreciated item. Ah! how one enjoys those réunions round the camp fire in the wilder-

ness! I had been away but a short three weeks, but in that time I had never spoken my own language, barring a few expletives necessary to emphasise and round off most Kaffir sentences. Now, however, my tongue was loosened, and midnight saw us still recounting our several experiences since I had left the waggons at Umthlaberhanyany. My friends had been luckier than I, having killed three elephant bulls. They had got the fresh spoor of a herd of these animals crossing the road one morning, which they followed on horseback till far into the day, but, it then seeming that they would not be able to overtake them, were about to turn back, when one of the Kaffirs espied three others, not belonging to the same troop at all, coming in their direction, all of which they managed to kill. The tusks of the largest weighed about 40lb apiece, those of the smallest about 25lb. Besides this they had bagged two giraffes and four buffaloes, but had found game exceedingly scarce all along the route, though they had travelled at a snail's pace, stopping and hunting two or three days round about each vley of water. These were the first elephants Mr. and Captain G. had ever seen in a wild state, and they were naturally well pleased with the successful issue of their encounter.

The place usually understood by "Daka" is the fountain from which springs the river "Daka," which runs into the Zambesi close to Wanky's town, and about twenty miles from the mouth of the "Gwar." It (the fountain) is about eighty miles due south of the Victoria Falls, and just at the southwestern corner of the hills which stretch eastward to beyond the "Gwai" and northwards to the Zambesi. To the westward the country is dry, desolate, and riverless, like that we have traversed since leaving the "Nata," for, until the rivers are reached which empty themselves into lake "N'gami" from the north, water is only to be found at long intervals, in a few odd pans and vleys.

There are several very fine fountains at Daka, and, only a mile or two from its sources, it becomes quite a respectable sized, deep river, containing plenty of crocodiles. The country is very pretty in its neighbourhood, consisting of a series of open, grassy valleys, running east and west, divided from one another by rocky, well-wooded ridges. Through most of these valleys runs a fine, clear stream of water, a tributary of the main river, and on one of the ridges not far from our waggons stand several of the quaint-looking baobab-trees, the huge bole-like stems of some of which, narrowing towards the top, bear a strong resemblance to champagne-bottles. Altogether the general appearance of the country recalls strongly to my mind portions of the well-watered Mashuna land, where I was hunting in 1872.

The first thing to be done after our arrival was to select a suitable place to establish a camp during the hunting-season, and we finally fixed on a spot near the summit of a piece of rising ground, whence we could command a considerable view of the surrounding country, and were at the same time close to one of the main fountains of the river. Here we were occupied for a couple of days in fencing in the waggons and building strong lion-proof "kraals" for the cattle, goats, and horses, as during our absence whilst hunting there would be nobody left to protect our property but the cattle and goat-herds and our large pack of dogs.

We also rode over one day to "Pamdamatenka," which is about twenty miles north-west from here, to see Mr. S., the trader of whom I have spoken before. We found that he had had a severe attack of fever, but was now all but well again, though he confirmed the reports of the bushmen concerning the mortality amongst the Griqua hunters in his service, seventeen of whom had died.

Pamdamatenka is, I think, the same river as that marked on Mr. Baines's map as the "Matietse," but, as with Daka, the name usually refers to a certain spot close to its source, which has during the last two or three years become the head-quarters of the traders who annually bring in wagon-loads of European goods to barter with Sipopo, the paramount chief of a large extent of country on the other side of the Zambesi. Here they remain until this potentate leaves his distant home in the Barotse valley, and, bringing with him large quantities of ivory to barter, comes to Sesheke, or Mparira, which latter village is situated just at the junction of the Chobe and Zambesi. On his arrival he immediately sends word to the traders, upon which they proceed with their waggons to Lusuma, a vley about fifteen miles distant from Mparira. Between this place and the river all the merchandise and ivory has to be carried backwards and forwards on the shoulders of natives, as the "tse-tse" fly forbids the nearer approach of oxen.

Mr. S. was anxiously expecting news from the river of Mr. W., his partner, who went up to the Barotse Valley with Sipopo last year, intending to pass the summer there. As this is reported by Dr. Livingstone, the only other European who has ever been there, to be a hot-bed of fever, it was very problematical whether or not he was still alive; but I am happy to say that about a fortnight later Mr. S.'s anxiety was relieved by the return, in good health and spirits, of this adventurous and enterprising pioneer of civilisation.

We found at Pamdamatenka six natives, "Batongas," who, having heard of Mr. S.'s arrival, had come to look for work; so, as we were in want of more boys, especially some guides to the falls, we hired them. One of their number could speak Sintabele, having been taken prisoner by that tribe whilst a boy, from whom, having subsequently made his escape, he had found his way to the Zambesi. Besides "Sintabele," he spoke "Satonga," his own native language, and "Sakalolo," and a smattering of "Sasubia," and proved very useful as an interpreter during my subsequent journey up the Chobe river.

Before leaving the waggons for any length of time it was necessary to shoot some game, so as to leave a supply of meat for the use of the cattle herds and dogs; and as we could find none on the flats to the westward of our camp, where we could have used our horses, we resolved to make a journey on foot into the hills to the eastward.

In order to cover more ground we determined to make two parties—Mr. G. and his brother taking one course, and W. and myself another. The day we left the waggons, whilst resting about midday on the top of a small round hill, I suddenly espied two sable antelopes, a bull and cow, both of which, after a careful stalk, we bagged, each of us bringing down his animal with a single bullet. On the following day, having wounded a zebra, we had a most exciting chase after him, and at length ran into and finished him with assegais. One of my bushmen—Hartebeeste by name—however, beat us all, and inflicted the first stab; though I was not far behind. During the next two days we killed three buffaloes, a sassaby, and an impala; and after partially drying the meat in the wind and sun returned to the waggons, every one of our Kaffirs being well laden. I may here remark that in this country, during the dry season, no salt is needed to preserve meat; it is simply cut up into strips, and after being hung on poles exposed to the sun and wind it becomes as hard as a chip, but does not putrefy, as would be the case in a damp climate. When dried it, of course, weighs very little; and I have heard it asserted that a bushman can carry all the meat of a buffalo cow after it has been thus cut up and thoroughly dried.

On reaching Daka we found that our friends were already there, having arrived the day before. They had shot several zebras, but had not fallen in with buffaloes. On our way back we found tse-tse fly at not more than ten miles from our camp, so gave strict orders to the boys that were to be left here in charge of the cattle and horses never to let them feed far away in that direction.

At last, on June 22, our whole party made a start for the Victoria Falls; and in the afternoon, while passing through a strip of "goussy" forest, came upon a herd of some half-dozen koodoos, two of which fell to our rifles, one of them, the bull of the herd, with a handsome pair of horns. As we had started from the waggons with nothing in the shape of provisions for the Kaffirs, having left all the dried meat behind, this supply was very welcome and put all our boys in good spirits. Half an hour sufficed to cut and pack up the two entire animals, on which we resumed our march; and, reaching a fine stream of water not long after, arranged our camp for the night on the flat top of a hillock in its immediate vicinity. The route between Daka and the falls lies through a hilly country for the first fifty miles or so, intersected by any amount of small streams, all of which run eastward into the Zambesi. Then comes a succession of broad sandbelts, thickly timbered with magnificent goussy forests; and between these, again, and the river is a tract of about the roughest and most rugged country in the world, cut up as it is into innumerable steep-sided, precipitous ravines and gullies which find their way down to the deep, narrow chasm, at the bottom of which the Zambesi runs, in a boiling, seething torrent, for many miles below the great falls.

There is a sort of grass very common about here, the little barbed seeds of which, getting into one's socks and trousers, being very sharp, keep up a constant irritation. It was almost useless to pick them out, for five minutes' walk sufficed to replace them; so we had to grin and put up with the nuisance. Next morning we were off at sunrise, and about nine o'clock breakfasted on the banks of the Pamdamatenka river, about fifteen miles from its source. During the day we saw a fine herd of roan antelope and some zebras, but could not get within shot of them; and camped for the night under a high rocky hill. On the opposite side of the valley, and about a mile from the hill near which we passed the night, stood several fine large "macuna" trees, under which, at some time or other, there had evidently been a cattle-kraal, as if some hunting-party had once stood there with their waggons. Our guides could not tell us if this was the case, and as we found tse-tse fly in the immediate vicinity, it would be fatal to bring cattle there now; but as this insect, in the countries where it exists, advances and retreats with the game, especially buffalo, it is possible that some years ago this district was free from it.

Early the following morning, the third day after leaving the waggons, having crossed the hill under whose shadow we had slept, and whilst going over some rough ground just on the edge of a sandbelt clothed with rather dense brush, we heard an elephant call close to us—not the loud scream which these animals give when angry, but very much resembling the cry of the baboon; so like, indeed, that many of our Kaffirs, who had not had much experience of these animals, said it was one. However, both W. and myself, and all our bushmen, believed it to have been an elephant; so we immediately called a halt, and, putting down all our traps, entered the bush to look for spoor. At a short distance from the edge the jungle became exceedingly dense, though not thorny, and about twenty feet high. We now advanced slowly and cautiously, and had covered, perhaps, a hundred yards, when we came upon elephant spoor; the soil was soft sand, and the footprints had the appearance of having been but that instant impressed, and were certainly not five minutes old. We now spread out into a line, of which I was the left-hand man, and, with the exception of a few of my own especial Kaffirs, I was soon out of sight of anyone else. The wind was in our favour, so we only had to advance cautiously till we sighted the elephants, having agreed, before separating, that whoever saw them first should not fire, but send Kaffirs to call the rest, that we might all get a chance. In this manner I was creeping forward step by step, trying in vain to prevent my heart from beating so loudly, when suddenly one of the bushmen touched me gently on the arm, with a whispered "s-s," and upon turning and following the direction of his hand and eyes I beheld the dim outline of an elephant looming through the dense sombre-coloured leafless bush. He was standing broadside on, a little on my left hand, and after I had once seen him it was easy enough to make him out, for at the outside he was not over fifteen yards from us. I could see that he was a bull, nearly full grown in point of size, though the smallness of his tusks showed that he was still young. When I first saw him he was standing perfectly still; but, as I looked, he stretched out his trunk, and, breaking off the ends of some small branches, conveyed them to his mouth, and commenced quietly chewing them. We now peered attentively all round about, but could make out no more, so I sent off a couple of Kaffirs to let my companions know what I had seen, and telling them to send for me if they came across the troop, amongst which there would certainly be some elephants larger than the one over which I was now keeping guard. They had scarcely left me when three shots fell, far to my right, and before I could raise the gun to my shoulder the huge beast before me wheeled himself round and was off; a hare could not have turned and got under way more instantaneously or more silently. But, though his quickness saved him from a broadside shot, I was in time to give him a four-ounce ball in the hip, and calling on my favourite bushman "Hartebeest" to run on the spoor, we were soon hard on his tracks. He did not run straight, but doubled about in the bush, and the soil being soft and sandy the bushman was enabled to run at full speed, I myself, being in excellent condition, keeping close upon his heels. We had run for perhaps a quarter of an hour or so, when a perfect fusillade opened not far away on my right, and I was just thinking of leaving the spoor and cutting across in the direction of the shots, making sure my companions were engaged with the troop, when the bushman exclaimed "Nausi, nausi" (there he is), and I just caught a glimpse of my own particular friend standing with his ears up, listening intently. He must have been bothered by the shots from the other party, and probably had got somebody's wind; for at this instant he turned and came crashing down in our direction, evidently quite ignorant of our whereabouts. Seizing my gun, I gave him a good shot right in the shoulder as he passed within ten yards, I verily believe, of where I stood; upon which he pulled up almost immediately, and, facing round in our direction, raised his trunk and ears and gave vent to two or three short sharp screams of rage; but, the last shot having broken his shoulder, he was unable to charge, and, after receiving three more bullets, fell to the earth, dead. This was my first elephant this year. When at length we all met again I found that my companions had killed two, both young bulls, about the same size as mine, and the six tusks averaged about 20lb a piece. Besides those killed "W." had wounded a full-grown bull with fine tusks, but eventually lost him, owing to the thickness of the bush.

(To be continued.)